

OCTOBER 22, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 621.—Vol. XXIV.

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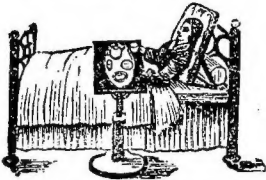
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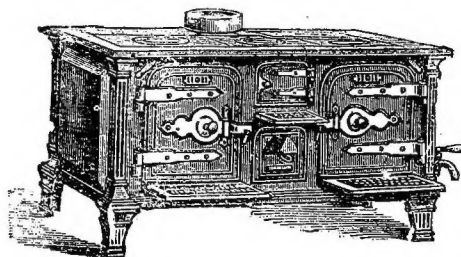
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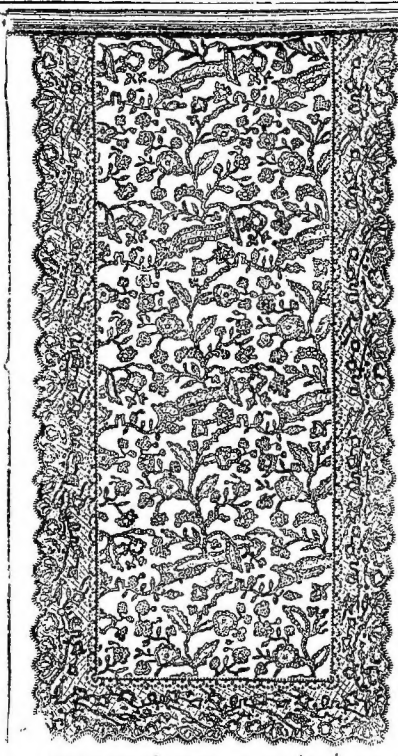
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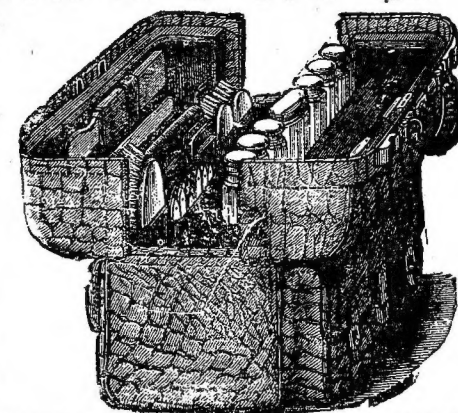
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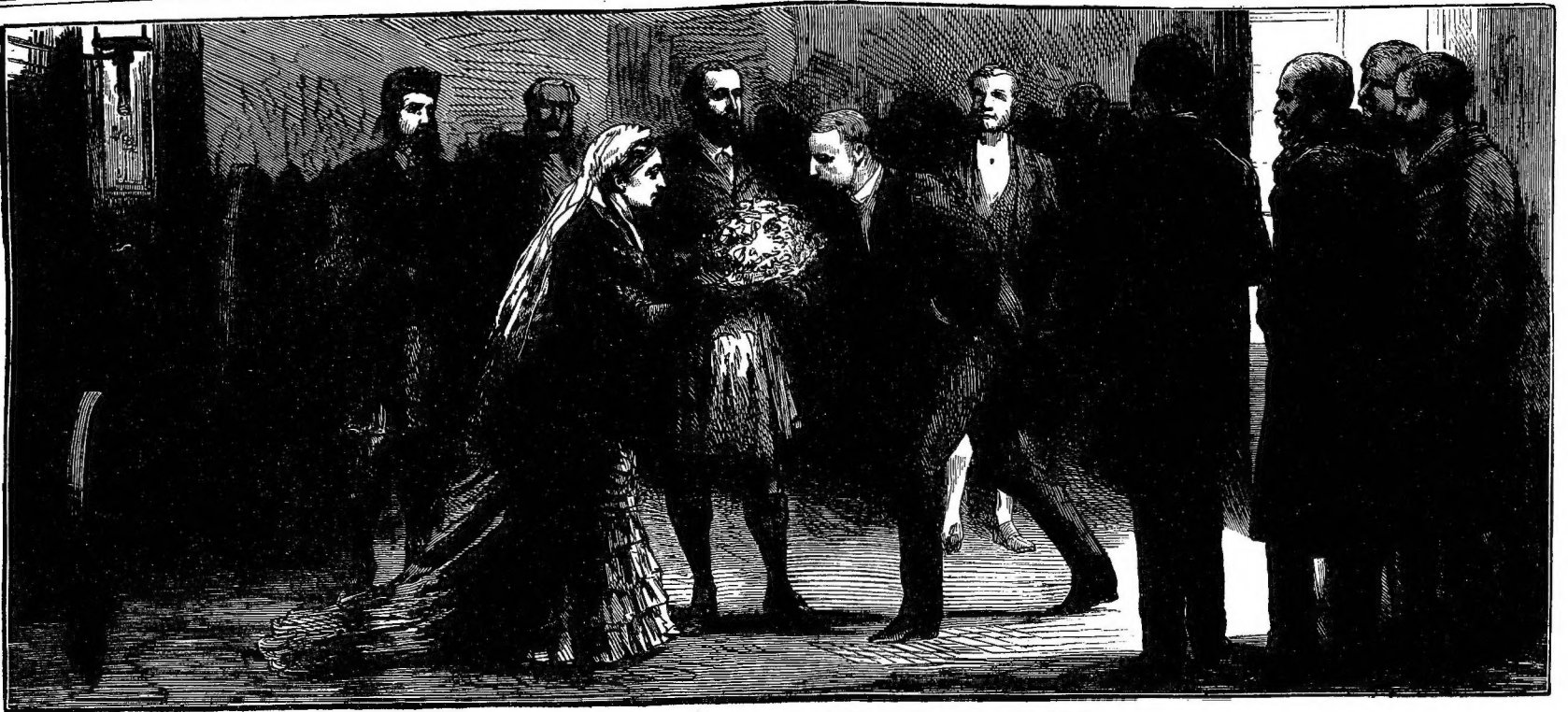
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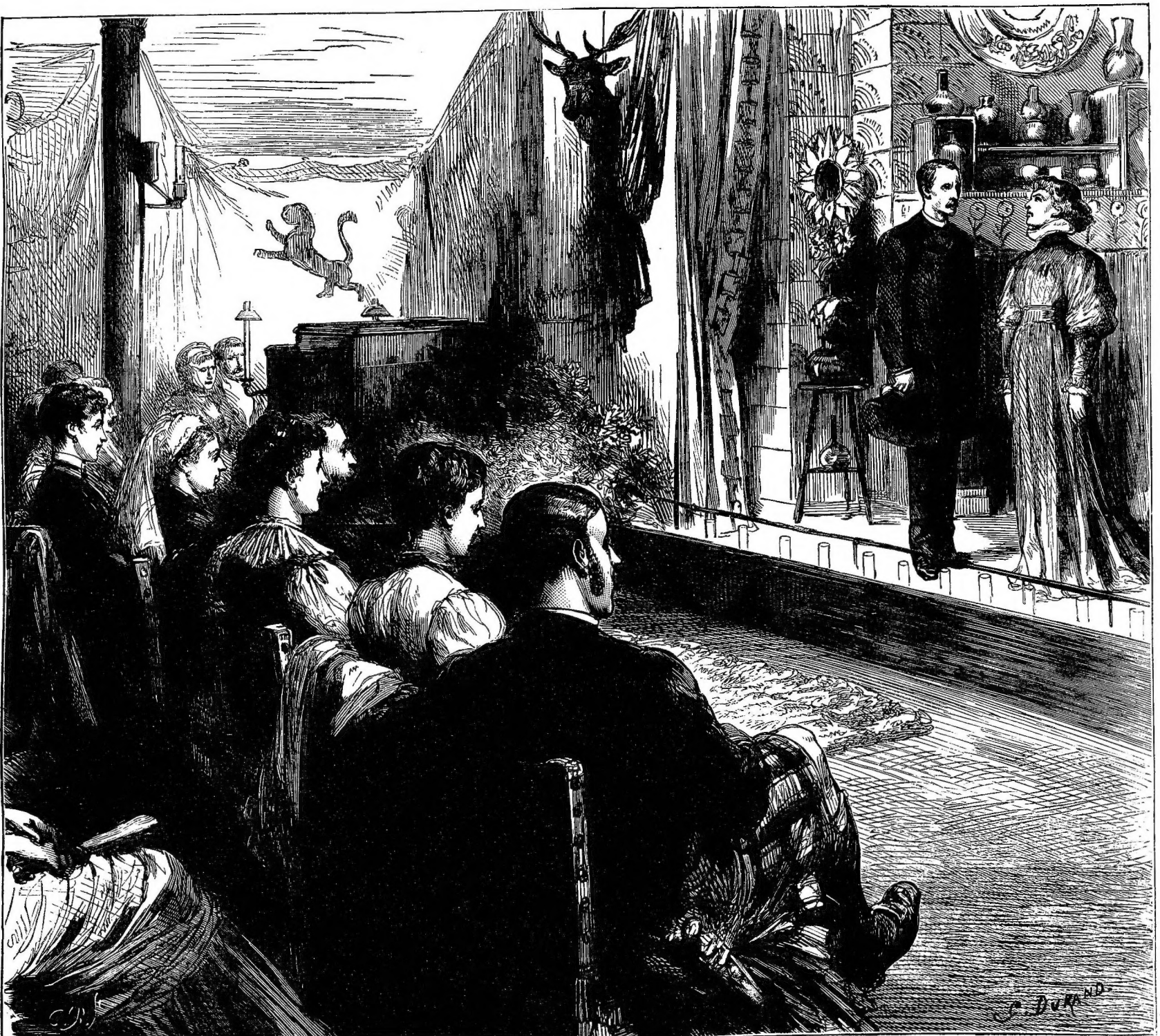
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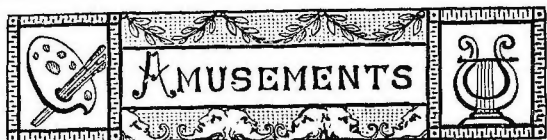
THE COURT IN THE HIGHLANDS—HER MAJESTY AT THE PLAY AT ABERGELDIE CASTLE

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.—It may be doubted whether political excitement was ever so strong in Germany in times of peace as it has been during the last few months. In preparation for the general elections all parties have bestirred themselves, and some of them, especially the most reactionary parties, have been indulging freely in every kind of bribery. The other evening a large number of theatres and music halls were thrown open to electors, at the expense, it is said (allowing for vast quantities of beer), of about half a million of marks. The fiftieth birthday of the Crown Prince offered a pretext for this liberality ; but its real object was perfectly understood. Whether the reactionary parties will succeed in securing a majority nobody can tell, for there are so many cross currents in German politics that it is seldom possible to predict the result of an appeal to the constituencies. In the present case the problem is complicated by the uncertain position of the Clerical party, who may or may not decide to act with the Conservatives. If Prince Bismarck triumphed, the consequences would be of such importance as to compel Englishmen to give some attention to the affairs of Germany. The domestic policy he now proclaims is as daring as any policy that has been heard of in Europe during the present century. His aim is to destroy Socialism, and he proposes to accomplish this object by meeting the Socialists half way. Provision is to be made for the old age of working men at the cost of the taxpayers, and some of the most important

OCT. 22, 1881

branches of industry and commerce are to be organised as Departments of the State. That schemes of this sort would fail in the end is tolerably certain; but they are on so vast a scale that they ought to interest everybody who studies great historic movements. Prince Bismarck does nothing by halves, and he is apparently resolved to be known in history not only as the founder of an Empire, but as the creator of a new social order.

THE PREVENTION OF SMOKE.—Although we are not yet half-way through the autumn, we have already experienced several fogs of respectable density. It is true they were dispersed by the rays of the midday sun, but a few weeks later the sun will be powerless in the contest. As London grows bigger, fogs are likely to come oftener and thicker; nor is there any chance of getting rid of them, or even of modifying them, unless we totally change our system of domestic fires. Such a reform will not be very rapidly brought about, and therefore we may anticipate that the London fog will be a familiar visitant for many years to come. London however is, for a good part of the year, a clear, bright, and cheerful city compared with some of the manufacturing towns of the North and the Midlands, where a dense pall of smoke hangs at all times, and where the trees and plants of the adjacent districts are stunted and killed by sulphureous fumes. In such places as these, the smoke nuisance, as it is chiefly caused by factory chimneys and furnaces, might be easily alleviated. Unfortunately, however, the municipal bigwigs who rule these towns are just the very people who produce the smoke; and, as they take care to live beyond its range (wealthy Wigan, for example, emigrates every evening to Southport), they don't feel the discomfort. When will the Legislature interfere effectually to prevent the uglification of whole districts, and in too many cases the consequent brutalisation of their inhabitants?



RICHTER CONCERTS.—Autumn Season, St. James's Hall.—MONDAY NEXT, 24th October, at 8 o'clock; SATURDAY, 29th October, at 3 o'clock. These will be the only two Richter Concerts this Autumn.

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HER MAJESTY AT THE PLAY, ABERGELDIE CASTLE

ON Tuesday, the 4th inst., Mr. Edgar Bruce and his company, who have been playing Mr. Burnand's popular comedy of *The Colonel* in the North, were invited by the Prince of Wales to give a performance at Abergeldie Castle. The occasion was one of unusual interest, as Her Majesty, who had not witnessed a play for upwards of twenty years, had accepted an invitation to be present. Mr. Bruce went to the Castle two days previously in order to make the necessary stage scenic arrangements in the temporary theatre which had been erected in the huge coach-house, which is used for the Abergeldie balls, and which was now handsomely fitted up with silk hangings and chandeliers. His company followed him on the day of the performance. At nine o'clock Her Majesty arrived from Balmoral, whence she had driven over with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and was received by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The scene has been described as extremely picturesque, the gaily attired pipers, the gillies, with lighted torches, surrounding the brilliant assemblage, and a gigantic bonfire at the entrance to the theatre, illuminating the surrounding hills, producing a grand and telling effect.

On the Queen stepping from her carriage, Mr. Bruce had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty by the Prince of Wales, and Her Majesty graciously accepted a bouquet and programme from his hands. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice also accepted a bouquet and programme from Mr. Bruce. The Royal party then took their places in the first row of seats. In the centre sat Her Majesty. On her right hand were the Prince of Wales and the Princess Louise, while on her left were seated the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Lord Napier of Magdala. Immediately behind the Royal party the hall was occupied by a brilliant company of some two hundred guests, while the benches further from the stage were filled with the Royal servants and the tenantry.

Her Majesty and the audience appeared warmly to appreciate and enjoy the humour of the play, the numerous witticisms being hailed with hearty laughter. The Queen remained until the close of the performance at half-past eleven, when Mr. Bruce was again presented to Her Majesty at her own desire; Her Majesty expressing to him her great gratification at the entertainment. Mr. Bruce and the members of his company were subsequently entertained at supper by the Prince of Wales, who personally thanked them, and drank further success to Mr. Bruce and *The Colonel*.—Our engravings are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

FOUNDERING OF THE "TEUTON"

WE have already given full details of this lamentable occurrence, which caused the death of upwards of two hundred persons. The *Teuton*, after striking the rocks off Quoin Point, turned back in hopes of reaching Simon's Bay. At the time she foundered (9.30 p.m., on August 30th), she had been under steam three hours, and is supposed to have been off or near Cape Hanglip, which is shown on the right. To the extreme left is Cape Point with the light on its summit, to its right the range of hills known as the Twelve Apostles, and, still further, the back of Table Mountain. Between Capes Point and Hanglip lies the famous bight, False Bay, whose sandy shores have led many a mariner to destruction. The evening of the catastrophe was fine and starlight, the moon was in the eastern sky. The funnel was seen to fall as the ship took her final plunge. The captain and quartermaster were on the bridge, and the passengers crowded on the poop. The boat which was capsized, containing the thirty women, was the starboard life-boat, but the port life-boat, No. 2, was being lowered as the vessel sank, as is shown in the sketch.

The Court of Inquiry held at Cape Town decided that the *Teuton* was lost through the faulty navigation of the captain, and also blamed him for not having sooner placed the passengers in the boats. It is also alleged that within a few miles there is a sandy cove into which he could have run his ship. As Captain Manning is beyond the reach of earthly praise or censure, we shall say no more on this point, but we hope this shipwreck will induce steamship proprietors to discourage the masters of their vessels from shaving round corners for the sake of saving a few hours. At the same time, off these dangerous coasts, soundings ought to be more constantly taken than appears to be the rule, and the number of bulkheads should be increased, so that the filling of one compartment with water should not endanger the buoyancy of the vessel.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. Charles H. Rosher, of Port Elizabeth, and is compiled partly from descriptions by survivors, and partly from accurate knowledge of the coast and of the ill-fated steamer.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND

THE events of last week mark a memorable epoch in the history of the Irish Land League agitation, yet though the succession of blows struck by the Government have been sudden and severe, they can hardly have taken any one by surprise, since what has now been done is after all only what most people have thought should have been done long since. After attending the Cabinet Council on the Wednesday, Mr. Forster returned post haste to Dublin, and next morning Mr. Parnell, the leader of the Land League, found himself in custody on two warrants, one charging him with being "reasonably suspected" of intimidating tenants from paying their rent, and the other with inciting them to abstain from using the Land Act. He was arrested at Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, and taken quietly away in a cab to Kilmainham Gaol, where he has been lodged in the Infirmary (the doctor certifying to a convenient cold), and is treated with every consideration and kindness. The news of the arrest spread slowly through the city, and a meeting of the Land League was held in the evening, after which Mr. Dillon, M.P., made a speech to the crowd outside, denouncing the arrest; whilst next day an indignation meeting was held in the Rotunda, under the presidency of Mr. Dawson, the Lord Mayor-elect. Mr. Parnell's arrest was followed quickly by that of many other Land Leaguers, Mr. Sexton, M.P., Mr. Quinn, Mr. Dillon, M.P., Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., and Mr. O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, the Land League organ. Warrants are also out against Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., who has managed to escape to England, and Mr. Healy, M.P., who hurried off from London to Dublin, and telegraphed to the police that he was coming, but was stopped at Holyhead by a message from his constituents begging him to remain in safety. Besides these a number of minor officials of the League have been taken into custody. At the last weekly meeting of the Dublin League it was announced that no more open meetings would be held until further notice, a manifesto being at the same time issued urging the people to use their best and most powerful weapon—that of passive resistance, and to pay no rent until the imprisoned suspects were released. This document is said to bear the signatures not only of Mr. Parnell and some half-dozen other leaders who are at Kilmainham, but also that of Michael Davitt, who is at Portland Prison, and the *Times* thinks it ought to be made clear how they were obtained. It is said that the headquarters of the Land League have

been removed to Liverpool or Holyhead, and Mr. Parnell, who has been "interviewed," boasts that the organisation is so perfect that its work cannot be stopped except by the arrest of every individual member, and the same boast is echoed by Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who says that even if the books should be seized or lost he can depend on his memory for every detail in any department he may be called upon to undertake. Mr. Healy, too, declares that "Ireland and the Land League are synonymous," and that propaganda is now almost needless, as the Government is doing their work for them.

Meanwhile a good deal of excitement has naturally been created both in Dublin and elsewhere among the rougher portions of the community. Rioting and stone-throwing has been going on during the last few days in the streets of Dublin and Limerick, and the police have been compelled to resort to harsh measures to hold their own against their assailants. Complaints have been made of what is called their brutal behaviour, and their neglect to discriminate between active mischief-workers and unoffending bystanders, but, as Mr. Forster pointed out to the deputation which waited upon him on the subject, it is the duty of all law-abiding people to absent themselves from such scenes. Mr. Gray, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, went so far as to say that the police were acting under special orders designed to irritate the people, and thus give the Government an excuse for calling out the military, but he has since withdrawn the accusation, which however has been reiterated in the most circumstantial manner by Miss Anna Parnell, who was interviewed at Holyhead on Wednesday. She also said that she intended returning to Dublin at once. She knew not whether it was intended to arrest her or any other of the ladies connected with the League, but hinted that as the streets were nightly made the scene of military police demonstrations, and citizens were warned that if they were out late they might get their skulls broken, they might design to get rid of her in that way. Father Sheehy has gone to Paris "to seek repose." Mr. Egan, the treasurer of the League, is still there, and his opinion on the crisis has been published at length through the mediumship of an interviewer. A number of people have been injured, and much damage has been done to property by the stone-throwing, the value of the glass broken alone being estimated at over 1,000/. A number of the rioters have been arrested, and either fined or sent to prison for periods varying from a week to three months. In some cases the original indictments were faulty, and the magistrates had to point out that the accused could not be convicted of assaulting a corporate body like the police; but they permitted the charges to be amended, the attacks on individual constables being specified. The reports from both Dublin and Limerick on Wednesday night spoke of comparative order having been restored, and there is little reason to fear a renewal of the disturbances, especially as the officers of the Land League have, to their credit be it said, one and all advised the people to abstain from acts of violence. Ample precautions have, however, been taken. Military reinforcements have been sent from several *dépôts* in England, double guards have been posted at the Castle, Dublin, and the city itself divided into three districts, each under a specially appointed magistrate, while flying columns are ready to act at a moment's notice in any part of the country. Seven fresh counties have been "proclaimed," and notices have been published in the *Gazette* pointing out the illegality of Boycotting and other forms of intimidation. On Tuesday Mr. Forster appeared for the first time in the streets of Dublin guarded by an escort of mounted police. The Land Commissioners began their sittings on Thursday with a list of 340 cases in which tenants claim to have their rents fixed.

SINGLETON ABBEY

SINGLETON ABBEY, where the Prince of Wales stayed during his visit to Swansea, was the seat of the late Mr. J. H. Vivian, M.P. for Swansea from 1832 to his death in 1855, when he bequeathed it to his eldest son, Henry Hussey Vivian, with power to his widow to reside in it during her life. It was originally purchased by Mr. John Vivian, of Truro, and was presented by him to his son when he left Cornwall to take up his abode in Wales in 1815.

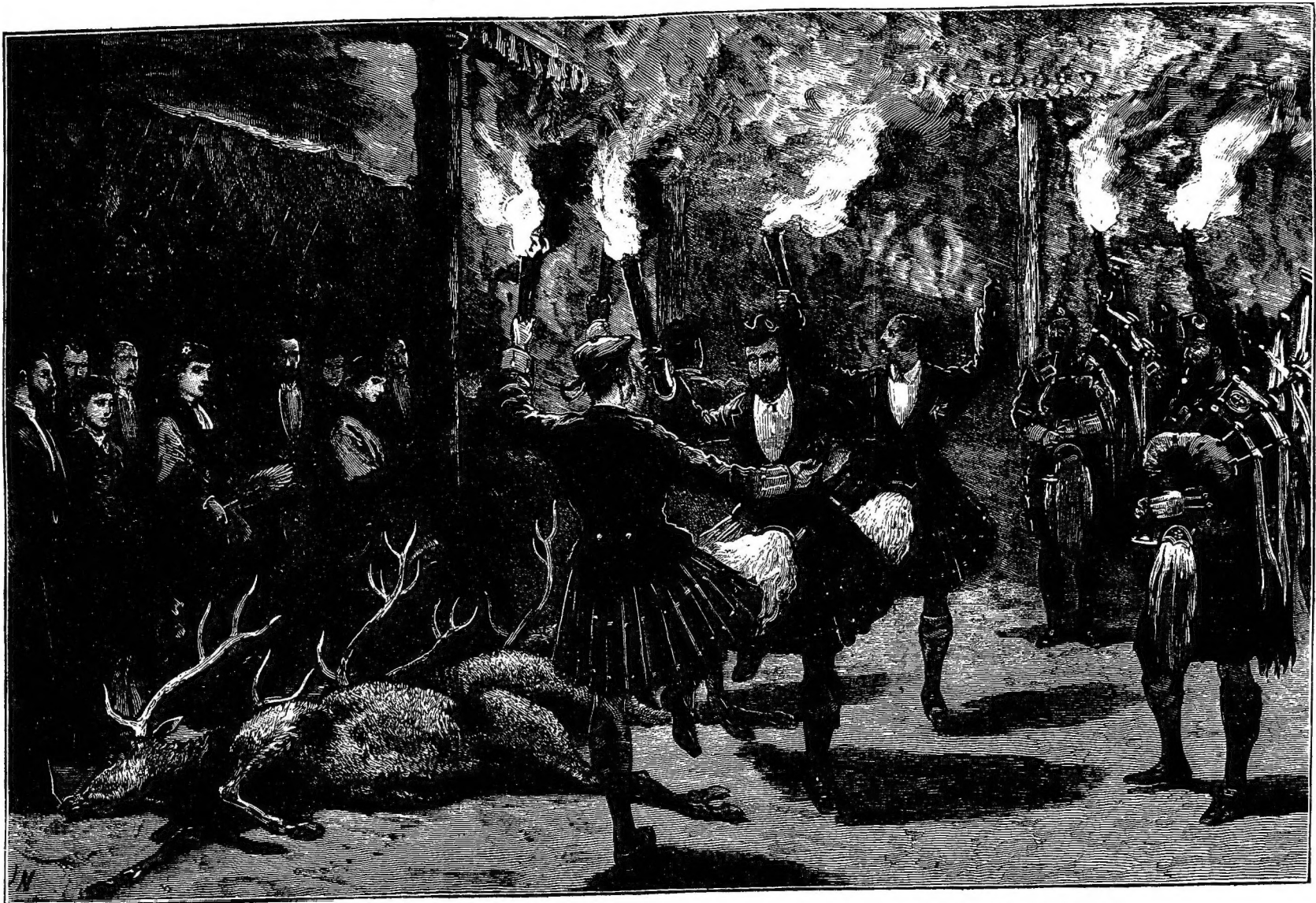
The house was then small, but was greatly added to from time to time between that year and 1830; the present house being, therefore, for the most part from fifty to sixty years old. Singleton, being larger than Park Wern, where Mr. Hussey Vivian lives, was lent to him by Mrs. J. H. Vivian for the accommodation of the Royal party. The Abbey, which stands on low ground among the trees, is a handsome mansion. The grounds are extensive and beautifully laid-out. In them are many pretty lodges, of various styles, including the Swiss Cottage and the American log-hut. The remains of the old Manor House of Mathew Cradock are said to have been transported here for re-erection.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. J. Goldman, Wind Street, Swansea.

IN THE GREAT NORTH WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—VII.

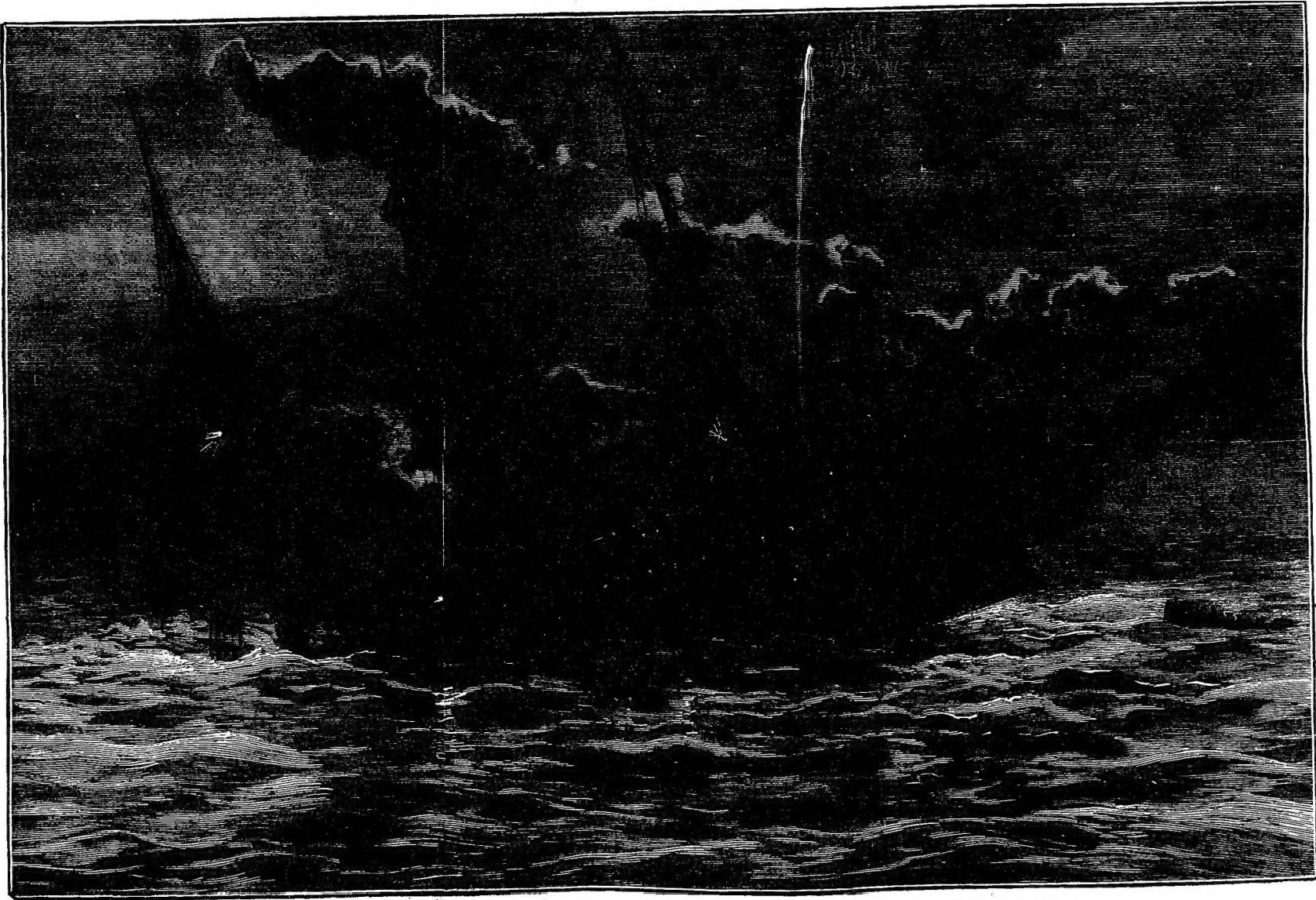
WE last left the Marquis and his fellow travellers resting for a couple of days at Fort Qu'Appelle. After being hospitably entertained the party resumed their journey on August 19th, and continued their westward march at the rate of forty miles a day, through somewhat monotonous prairie land, and over the great Salt Plain—a prairie reeking with foul and undrinkable water—to Humboldt, which was reached on the 23rd August. Humboldt is a village composed of two houses and with a population of four—the Government farmer and his wife and sister, and a telegraph operator. Here Mr. Sydney Hall, our special artist, thus resumes his diary:—

"Aug. 24.—Up at four. Left camp at 5.40. Beautiful scenery. More depressions in the soil. A clear still morning. Horrible night now, for our tents were pitched between the horses and the water. We passed a large salt lake with lovely little headlands and perfect reflections. At breakfast found a *real* buffalo skull, and afterwards passed an undoubted *wallow*, with big polished stones in the middle, against which they had sharpened their horns.

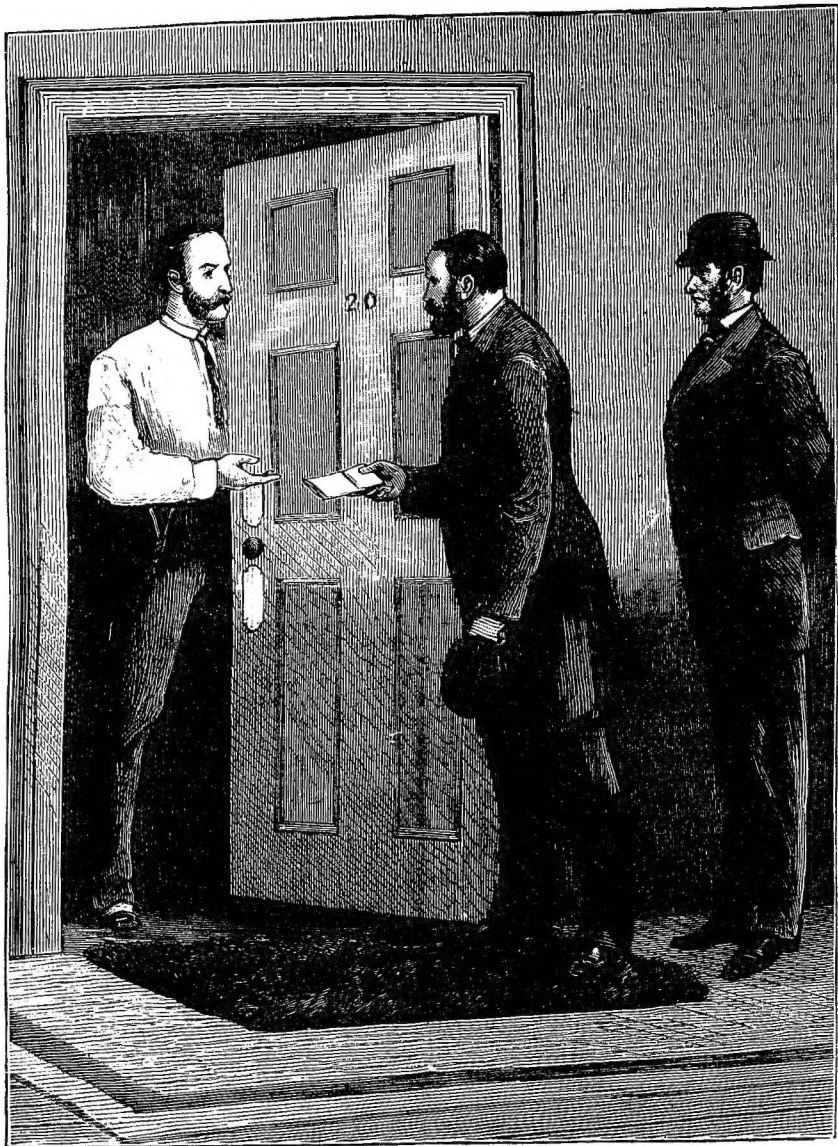
"We passed two strange-looking caravans on the road. The usual carts, covered for the men and women, and others laden with all kinds of properties. A lamb in a box hung on from behind. Turkeys and cocks and hens stretched their necks from between the bars of others. M'Lean was the name of one squatter, thirty-one days out from Portage la Prairie, and bound for Edmonton. The other train, which consisted of half-breeds—a good-looking woman, her grandmother, and six children—were also for Edmonton, and were forty-two days out. They started on the day after Dr. Macgregor left Liverpool!! Here they call 'Bluffs' the coverts, large and small, which dot the rolling prairie. After lunch we reached the height of land on a plain, from whence we got a view like one in Surrey; the dry prairie grass amongst the bluffs doing duty for ripe corn. It was very hot round about. The grass looked at a white heat. A haze hung over the bluffs. The wheels of our ambulance, spring waggon, *char-à-banc*, or whatever it is called, were burnt by the dry grass, and blazed in the sun. Every one nodding, horses fagged; Barney panting. How the country reminds us of Brighton Downs! Another salt lake, its margin quite green water, with white foam on it. I believe I saw my first prairie marmot. They saw a wolf to-day, and Bagot stalked an antelope. Six miles, of wood now—quite big trees—poplars of course—brashy wood—*i.e.*, easily split—they call it. A note left on a stick by Mr. Dewdney—that is the prairie post office. In a few minutes we are on the verge of the South Saskatchewan River. Lord Lorne, Dr. Macgregor, Mr. Austin, and Colonel de Winton sit down on some of that beautiful grey-scarlet weed they call prairie sage. The



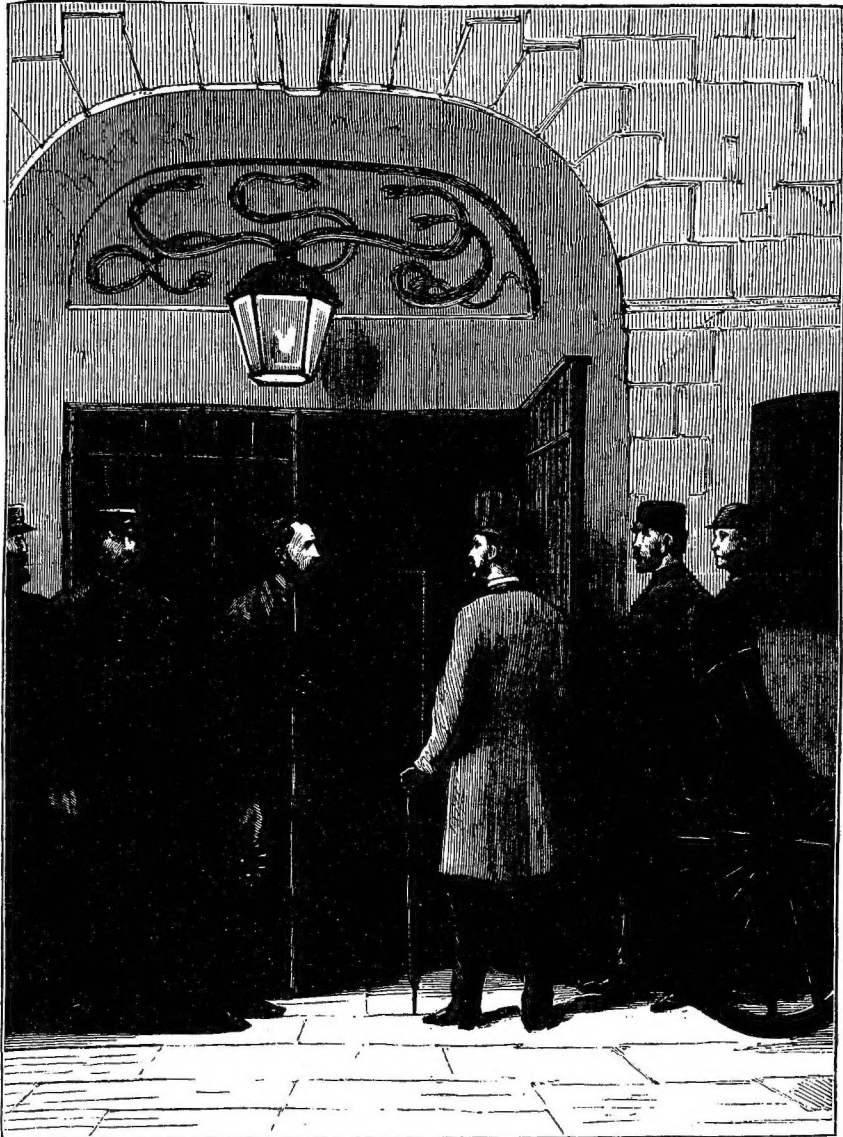
THE PRINCE OF WALES DEER-HUNTING IN MAR FOREST—THE DANCE OF TRIUMPH



THE LOSS OF THE "TEUTON"—FOUNDERING OF THE VESSEL OFF CAPE HANGLIP



ARREST OF MR. PARNELL, M.P., AT MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN



AT LAST—MR. PARNELL'S ARRIVAL AT KILMAINHAM GAOL



THOMAS SEXTON, M.P. FOR SLIGO

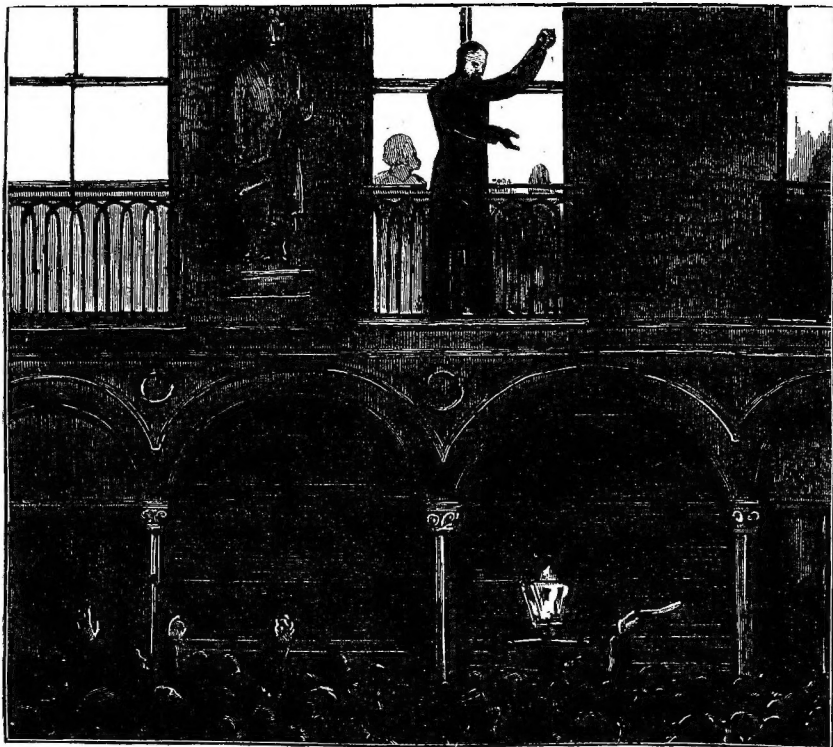


CHARLES STUART PARNELL, M.P. FOR CORK

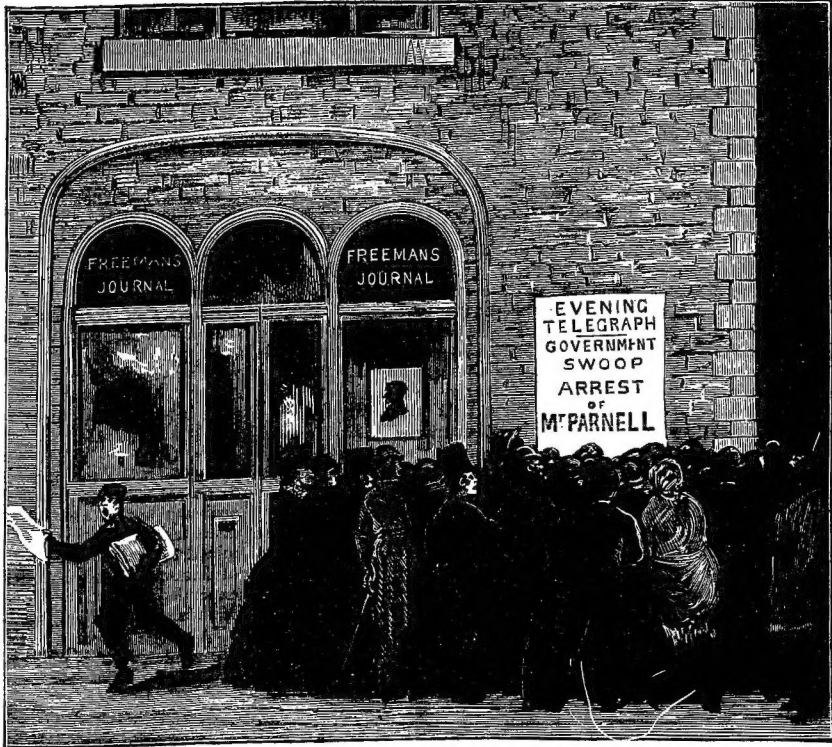


JOHN DILLON, M.P. FOR TIPPERARY

SOME OF THE ARRESTED LEADERS OF THE LAND LEAGUE



OUTSIDE THE LAND LEAGUE OFFICE, DUBLIN—MR. DILLON, M.P., DENOUNCING THE ARREST OF MR. PARNELL



OUTSIDE THE "FREEMAN" OFFICE, DUBLIN—THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF MR. PARNELL'S ARREST

sun was sinking,—a red ball in the midst of grey haze. The opposite bank shelving, and almost covered with poplar, was in deep shadow. The river ran to the right, a grey stream, fringed by a bank that looked purple in this light, flowing over a bed of clay. The reflection of the bank was a greenish grey,—the surface of the water tinted rose—a lovely harmony altogether. The mosquitoes were fiendish, and spoilt it all." Next day the party crossed the river, and proceeded to Fort Carlton, where they took up their quarters for the night, being welcomed by the chief factor, Mr. Clarke. On the morning of the 26th the Indians arrived for the Pow-wow. "They walked slowly," writes Mr. Hall, "headed by their agents, past the Fort to Mr. Clarke's house. They squatted on the velvety grass plot in the sun. They passed their pipes to one another. The squaws, with their papooses, leaned on the railing, twined with luxuriant wild hops, that climbed on the young firs planted on the garden bed—the first firs we had seen for many a day."

The Indian dance at Rat Portage takes us back to July 29th. It may be repeated that a "portage" is the neck of land which lies between two lakes, and that Rat Portage is situated at the western end of the Lake of the Woods. Here there was a large gathering of Indians to meet the Marquis of Lorne, and a great Pow-wow was held. The Marquis made a speech, declaring he was glad to see the Red children of the Great Mother, and that he would tell the Great Mother that he had met them. He was replied to by two chiefs, Manitobaness and Powassan, who complained that all the promises made to them by the Government had not been fulfilled. The Marquis promised to have their grievances considered, and then the Indians performed various dances, one of which our artist depicted. They were rigged out, the correspondent of the *Winnipeg Weekly Times* tells us, in all the glory of paint and feathers, but they carried no tomahawks, and their guns were laid aside. They squatted round in a circle, and as the tom-toms, responding to the quickly-piled stick, gave forth a monotonous sound, assimilated to a chanting accompaniment, one fierce brave stood up and led off the dance, followed by a second and a third, until a score or more warriors were on their feet. Then came a pause, and Manitobaness darted forward and recounted his heroic deeds, and was quickly joined by others, one of whom claims to have taken the scalps of seven Sioux—the hereditary foes of the Ojibbeways, and the war dance, manifestly now one of triumph over the Sioux, went madly on.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF HOLLAND

See page 418.

DEER-STALKING IN THE FOREST OF MAR

See page 419.

BLACK TRACKERS IN AUSTRALIA

THE aborigines of Australia are occasionally employed by the settlers in light kinds of work and as horsebreakers, but they dislike continuous occupation, and soon give it up. They are also sometimes engaged by the police in tracking criminals in the Bush, for which pursuit they show great aptitude.

At Benalla, a township on the North-Eastern Railway, about 120 miles from Melbourne, eight of these black trackers are kept solely for the purpose of tracking criminals through the Bush. In order to exhibit their capabilities to our correspondent, Mr. G. R. Ashton, the sergeant in charge directed a mounted trooper to ride some miles away from camp, unknown to the trackers, and to lay "plants" on the way, making the track as difficult as possible.

The black trackers were then paraded, and two of them having been selected, were placed under the charge of Trooper Kirkham.

"We cantered away about half-a-mile," writes our artist, "when the trooper put the 'boys' (as they are called) on the tracks. They immediately cantered away, looking down at the ground, the whole time wheeling the horses from one side to the other, sometimes stopping and going back a little, then retracing their steps, and then galloping ahead, always keeping close together, and never speaking, Trooper Kirkham and myself keeping behind. We went on for some miles in this fashion till we came right on to a fence, when the 'boys' dismounted and got over, we following, clearly finding the tracks where the 'hare' got over the fence. We were now in a paddock, walking on foot, and following the 'boys,' who kept ahead, picking up pieces of wood and bark, &c. They showed me several times pieces of wood stuck in the ground on purpose by the trooper who had made the track. They then came upon a 'plant,' which consisted of several leaves and pieces of bark placed in a little pile under which was a match box; this dispelled the feeling which I could not get rid of, that we were not on the track at all. Going on a little further we came upon a rifle, which, on being examined, proved to be a police rifle; this proved conclusively their value in 'tracking,' and feeling quite satisfied on that point I suggested moving back to camp, one of the 'boys' bringing back the rifle as a trophy. There can be little doubt that civilisation, though possessing some undeniable advantages, does tend to blunt the keenness of our eyes, ears, and noses. I wound up the entertainment, however, by doing something which these human sleuth-hounds could not have done for the life of them—I took their likenesses."

AN AQUATIC TEA-PARTY AT BRIGHTON

"The West Pier at Brighton," says the lady to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "was crowded on Saturday, the 3rd ult., with an eager and amused multitude who had assembled to witness some aquatic sports. Among these were a walk on a greasy pole in pursuit of the usual pig-in-a-box at the end of it; swimming races, the Indian catamaran race, and the restive sea-horses, which, though closely resembling circus steeds, were, we believe, constructed either of cork or of bladders, and with the least jerk of the reins they reared and fell backwards, sending the rider with a plunge into the waves; last, but not least, came the Aquatic tea-party."

"A raft, with flags at its corners, and supported by two bolster-like bladders, and attached by a rope to a boat, had been floating about in a meaningless manner during the previous sports, and the fun was believed to be over, when a green chair was placed on it, and then a large white jug. Presently, to the delight of the beholders, who broke forth into rounds of applause, a tea-tray full of cups was placed on it from a boat. Then one of the swimmers scrambled up from the water, and seated himself on the chair, the tea-pot was handed to him from the boat, and then two other swimmers, being supplied from a lower stage of the pier, triumphantly carried with one arm above the waves a plate of bread-and-butter, and a sugar basin."

"Amidst rounds of applause and shouts of laughter, the swimmers then came round, bobbing up and down, holding on to the raft like dogs round a tub, and partook of their well-earned tea."

"One tried to get upon the raft feet foremost, but could not succeed. After the tea was cleared away, one after another of the swimmers scrambled up on the raft, stood on the chair, and made a farewell somersault into the water. So ended one of the most amusing aquatic sports we have witnessed."

"The weather smiled on the whole scene."

K. B. C.

THE HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM

NEAR the Virginia Water Station of the London and South Western Railway, there has recently arisen a tall tower, modelled on the famous belfry tower of Ypres, Flanders. This is the tower of the Sanatorium for Curable Cases of Mental Disease, which was

begun some seven years ago by Mr. Thomas Holloway. The building was originally intended by the founder as a gift to the nation, perfect and complete as it stood. Since its completion and decoration, however, Mr. Holloway has resolved not only to make a gift of the building, but to invest an additional 50,000*l.* as an endowment, which will raise the cost of the whole foundation to 350,000*l.* The purpose for which it is designed is clearly defined by the founder to be the succour of persons of the middle-class afflicted with mental disease. In selecting this object, he has been guided by the consideration that insane rich people need no monetary help, and the afflicted poor are already cared for in public asylums. Put broadly, the scope of the Holloway Sanatorium includes the doctor, lawyer, artist, clerk, or any professional breadwinner, whose work cannot, like an ordinary business, be carried on by deputy, and whose income ceases absolutely when he is unable to work. This definition has not been arrived at without due care and ample investigation. Mr. George Martin, at the instance of Mr. Holloway, and sometimes accompanying him, has visited the principal establishments for the cure of mental disease in Europe and America, and the opinion has been gradually formed that many curable cases among the middle class are allowed to become incurable from lack of means or opportunity to secure proper treatment. It is simply as a curative institution that the handsome structure at Virginia Water has been founded, one of the conditions being that no patient will be allowed to remain more than twelve months. By this regulation it will be prevented from becoming an asylum, and losing its more important character. It was, as already stated, originally intended to be an entirely self-supporting institution, but Mr. Holloway has finally determined to help it with an endowment.

Regarded architecturally, the building is a mixture of the three Gothic styles of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The combination has been very skillfully managed by the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, and is not in the least discordant. There is no Tudor work about the building, nor is any Renaissance architecture to be seen. In fact the aim of the architect has evidently been to unite the three pure Gothic styles, and the attempt is very interesting, as it might lead the way to the introduction of a new style of Gothic Architecture, just as the Romans, by combining in the same building the three orders of Greek Architecture, developed a new style, and the architects of the sixteenth century, by combining the features of the latest Gothic with revived Classical detail produced the style which we call Elizabethan.

The interior decorations have been designed and executed by various hands, under the direction of Mr. George Martin. With the exception of the massive grey marble top of the balustrade, the whole of the entrance hall and staircase is painted and gilt over the stone. This was an afterthought of kindness. Cold grey columns and walls, even if enlivened by sculpture, would, it was thought, sit heavily on a mind diseased, and it was resolved to make the principal apartments one blaze of gold and colour. The hall is accordingly lavishly decorated with figures and designs arabesque and grotesque. The great lecture or recreation hall is remarkable for a splendid gilded roof, and for a profusion of gilding and other decorative work on the walls and behind the platform—the latter being very remarkable. Portraits of distinguished persons by Mr. Girardot and other artists form part of the decoration scheme, and add interest to it. In the refectory also—a splendid apartment—the adornments consist of a series of paintings in the style of Watteau, above which are smaller groups in lunettes. In the smaller but still ample parlours and living rooms the same idea of cheerfulness and suggestiveness is carried out. It is endeavoured above all things to avoid leaving a dimmed intelligence opposite to a blank wall. All the internal arrangements are admirably planned as well for maintaining general health as for isolating special cases of disease, for providing that attendants shall unobtrusively live close to the patients confided to their charge, and for conveying an idea of freedom combined with active surveillance. The kitchen is a wonder, and deserves a visit from all interested in the mystery of cooking food for five hundred or more persons at once. To make all complete there is a model laundry in an entirely separate building, and pretty red brick houses have been built for such of the staff of the establishment as are not obliged to sleep in the main building. At first it was proposed to use the immense and beautifully-decorated hall as a place of worship; but Mr. Holloway has decided on building a distinct chapel, the designs for which have been prepared by Mr. Crossland. Thousands of shrubs and young trees already fill the pleasure grounds of twenty-two acres. Through these well-planted shrubberies winding walks conduct to pleasant points of view and back to an extensive terrace, on which patients may sit or promenade, and enjoy the sunshine and pure air.

The length of the building is 506 feet, and of the wings 250 feet. The Recreation Hall is 90 feet by 40, and 50 feet high; the dining-room is 54 by 30, and 40 feet to the roof. There are in all 480 rooms, tastefully and carefully furnished throughout, and adapted for the reception of about 300 patients.

Not far from the Sanatorium, towards Egham, is the still greater institution founded and endowed by Mr. Holloway, in memory of his deceased wife, as a College for the Higher Education of Women. The College buildings, already far advanced, are erected on a plateau called Mount Lee, near Cooper's Hill, and close to Windsor Great Park. There are 95 acres of land, and the College is surrounded with pleasure grounds extensively planted, and intersected with groves, streams, and lakes. The institution is of enormous size, forming a double quadrangle, 500 feet from east and west, and 350 feet from north to south. It will accommodate 350 students, each student having two rooms.

The object of the College is to afford the best education suitable for women of the middle and upper middle classes. The property has been conveyed to three trustees, Messrs. Henry Driver, George Martin, and David Chadwick, the latter of whom was formerly M.P. for Macclesfield. The governing body will, in the first instance, be appointed by the founder, and afterwards partly by the University of London and the Corporation of London. The students must not be younger than sixteen at entrance, and must pass a satisfactory matriculation. The course of education will be directed to those subjects which modern experience has shown to be most valuable. The lady principal is endowed with almost absolute power. She must not marry, and must, like all other professors in the College, resign when sixty.

Mr. Holloway's gifts are on such a munificent scale (he will altogether on these two institutions have spent nearly a million sterling) that what we are about to relate—which would in itself immortalise ordinary benefactors—seems but a small affair for him. With a delicate consideration which does him the highest credit, he has determined to present the "girl graduates" of the future with a gallery of famous pictures and drawings; and accordingly he has already expended 34,000*l.* on examples of Clarkson Stanfield, Landseer, Millais, Copley Fielding, T. S. Cooper, &c.

We hope to return to this portion of the subject when the College is completed, which will probably be the case within two years from the present time.

THE FRENCH IN TUNIS

M. ROUSTAN, formerly the French Consul-General at Tunis, but who, since the Treaty of May 13th, has been "French Minister Resident and Delegate for Foreign Affairs of the Bey," may be regarded as the author and mainspring of the Tunisian expedition. Hailing, like M. Gambetta, from the sunny South, M. Roustan is a man of great political energy and ambition. On his nomination as Tunisian Consul in 1874, he found that his predecessor had been

too easy-going for the interests of his country, and that the English Consul was ruling the roast much to the detriment of fair France. Accordingly he set himself hard to work, pitted commercial enterprise against commercial enterprise, caused his countrymen to rebuild a great aqueduct, to construct railways, and then to the great indignation of Italy, fought hard to wrest another railway concession from an Italian company. One thing led to another, and finally he made the incursions of some unruly frontier tribes into Algeria the subject for serious representation to the home authorities, declaring the necessity for a French Protectorate, as the weak government of the Bey was utterly inadequate for the duty of keeping its own unruly subjects in order. After much trouble and correspondence, and after great hesitation on the part of the Cabinet, M. Jules Ferry determined to listen to the Consul's charming, and in April last a military expedition was despatched to Tunis, ostensibly to quell the unruly Khroumirs. This was followed up by the Protectorate Treaty of May 13th, which the Bey was compelled to sign at the point of General Bréard's bayonets, and which practically reduced the Beydom to a French dependency, and elevated M. Roustan to the virtual Dictatorship, by creating him Minister Resident. The Bey quickly became reconciled to the situation, declared "M. Roustan was the best friend of Tunis," and handed over to him all the direction of foreign affairs.—Our portrait is from a photograph by M. J. Garrigues, Tunis.

Our other illustrations are also from photographs by M. Garrigues, and one represents the station of Oued Zergha, where, on the last day of September, as we have already fully related, the Arabs, who had been surrounding Ali Bey, suddenly appeared and massacred the station-master and the whole of the *employés*, mutilating and half burning the bodies of their unfortunate victims. Before leaving they also tore up the line for a considerable distance, so that the passengers of a train coming towards Tunis from the preceding station were compelled to descend at some distance from Oued Zergha. They found that the Arabs had disappeared, and after placing the bodies and a few wounded who had survived in the empty train, walked on to the next station, Medjez. These the Arabs, who subsequently returned, quickly despatched. Medjez-el-Bab is seventeen miles from Oued Zergha and sixty-five from Tunis, and from thence a regiment was speedily despatched under Colonel de Bort to punish the Arabs and protect the railway. The Arabs, however, were so persistent in their harrying attacks that it was thought wise to retire upon Medjez-el-Bab, and this accordingly Colonel de Bort did on October 2nd, Medjez being thus made the inland terminus of the line for the present, and the headquarters of the troops guarding the line of railway. Of our other sketch, Manouba, there is little to be said, save that it is the headquarters of General Legerot, who has taken every care to ensure that the railway line shall be efficiently guarded for the future, and who, with his contingent, has now gone to join the Zaghuan column, which, in conjunction with that of General Saussier from Birin, is to march upon Kairwan. Manouba is the first station on the railway, and is situated on the south-west of Tunis between the Barlo and the town properly so-called—about eight miles from the walls.

MR. GLADSTONE IN THE CITY

THE Prime Minister's reception in the City last week was as enthusiastic as could have been desired by his most devoted admirers, considering that the occasion was only a semi-private one. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived at the Guildhall about noon, the Premier having been cheered now and then by wayfarers who had recognised him as they drove through the streets. The interior of the Guildhall was gaily decorated, and thronged with privileged spectators, who cheered heartily as the Lord Mayor and Corporation, accompanied by their distinguished guest, made their way to the dais, where the presentation ceremony was gone through. The Court having been formally opened, the Premier stood up while Sir T. Chambers (the Recorder) read the address, which declared the cordial respect and high admiration entertained by the citizens for his great intellectual and moral qualities, his lengthened and self-sacrificing services to his country, his indomitable energy, varied gifts, brilliant talents, profound scholarship, and unsurpassed eloquence; and wound up with a request that he would sit for a marble bust to be placed in the Guildhall among those of his illustrious predecessors. In his reply Mr. Gladstone spoke of the legislative labours of the last fifty years, of the real and substantial progress made by the country; expressed a hope that the great question of municipal reform might soon be entertained by Parliament; and then referring to Ireland, and the newly-received intelligence of Mr. Parnell's arrest, asked his hearers to look upon him simply as a representative of the Executive power and the authority of the law. Amid much cheering he went on to say that it was not with the people of Ireland that the Government were at issue; and to claim the support of "all orders and degrees of men of all political parties and leaders for the vindication of the law of the land in a great national crisis." The rest of the speech referred to the intention of the Government to abide by the terms of the Convention with the Transvaal Boers; and to the settlement of the Greek Question. After the ceremony the Prime Minister was entertained by the Lord Mayor at a luncheon at the Mansion House, and in responding to the toast of his health said that he had not the slightest doubt that, as in the past half-century, so in the next, the flower of the community would worthily inherit in all respects the power we now enjoy.

GUN TURRET AT DOVER

IN the first sketch is given a general view of the seaward end of the Admiralty Pier, Dover, with the works in connection with the armour-plated turret at the Pierhead, which are now in progress.

The turret itself, which is to be armed with two 80-ton guns firing projectiles of 1,700 pounds weight, is placed as shown in the sketch upon a low stone tower, in which is the machinery for rotating the turret, and for loading. One of the gun carriages is shown raised to the top of the turret prior to being lowered into its place on the slide. A little to the left of the turret is a small iron lighthouse, while at the extreme left of the sketch are the shears in course of erection for landing the guns, which will be brought round from Woolwich by sea. In another sketch is shown a circular passage in the stonework on which the turret is placed. This passage runs below the outer circumference of the turret, and has a recess in the landward side, in which will be the apparatus for loading the guns.

The turret after each discharge will be trained until the muzzles of the guns are immediately over the loading position.

The guns are then depressed and loaded through the orifices shown in another sketch below the ports.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Cyril Field, Lieutenant Royal Marines, who has also furnished the foregoing details.

CROMER.—Referring to our article on Cromer last week, a correspondent informs us that the chancel of the church was blown up by gunpowder in 1681, not in 1861, as an accidental transposition of figures caused us to state. An effort was made last year to rebuild the chancel, but as it would cost 10,000*l.*, and only 4,000*l.* could be obtained, the project remains in abeyance. With regard to the encroachments of the sea, our correspondent assures us that so long as the seawall is kept up by the breakwaters on the beach Cromer is safe enough.

A REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT has broken out in Nicaragua. The people affected believe themselves to be the recipients of Divine communications, and whenever any one feels thus inspired he rushes to the church and rings the bell, when the whole population at once assemble to hear the heavenly message.

OCT. 22, 1881



MR. BURNAND'S *Whittington and His Cat*, at the GAIETY Theatre, is one of those light and lively pieces which call for little in the way of critical examination, and yet afford much amusement to the playgoers when in the vein for entertainments of this kind. Like its popular predecessor on the subject of *The Forty Thieves*, it claims its favourable consideration on the ground that, unlike the ordinary extravaganza, it takes something more than the name of popular legend, and attempts, in fact, by an orderly succession of scenes and a regular division of the action into three acts, to give coherence to the story with some regard to the text of the original legend. This, as all playgoers know, is in itself a considerable innovation; but it must not be supposed, for all this, that the author despises the arts of the extravaganza writer. On the contrary, Mr. Burnand stores his dialogue with puns, and his songs with reckless anachronisms, and gay allusions to topics of the hour. He derives, moreover, much assistance from brilliant ballet scenes, and his personages, though all more or less warranted by the legend, receive a touch of the grotesque which is no less conventionally indispensable in productions of this class. Of course, when we speak of the legend we mean the legend, and do not mean the sober biography recently published, in which the authors, Messrs. Besant and Rice, restore all the dignity of Sir Richard Whittington, and, while looking kindly on the old romance, are fain to confess that much of it rests upon tradition for which the most that can be said is that it is of respectable age. Mr. Burnand's hero accordingly is not the son of the estates country gentleman coming up to Merchant Fitzwarren's counting house in East Chepe, there to study commerce, but a poor scullion lad, whom the cook belabours for his boyish shortcomings, till he runs away, carrying his stick and bundle, to rest upon the Highgate Stone, and to hear the bells of Bow Church ringing their mystic peal. Here, however, the dramatist ventures to interpolate a dream, visibly presented to the audience, in which the boy sees the merchant's daughter Alice, with whom his heart is already smitten, and receives from her encouragement and advice to go back and await his lofty destiny. Some stretch of the dramatist's licence may also be said to be involved in the removal of all the personages to the Court of the Emperor of Morocco, where the exploits of the despised cat lay the foundations of Whittington's fortunes. All this is doubtless rather simple fare for grown playgoers, but it is very bright and pretty, and the dialogue and grotesque proceedings of the various personages cause much merriment. Miss E. Farren, as Dick, is, as usual, nimble, sprightly, and clever; and Miss Kate Vaughan, as Alice, sings, dances, moves, and speaks with all the grace with which Nature and Art have endowed her. The absence of Mr. Terry is no doubt felt in the lack of a finishing touch of grotesque humour, but Mr. Royce is nevertheless very diverting in the part of the Dutch skipper, Mynheer Van der Scuttele, who, we need hardly say, is master of the picturesque ancient craft in which the cat and the merchandise of Fitzwarren are seen to be embarked at the Thames wharf. The semi-Oriental ballet, in which Mr. D'Auban, Miss Gilchrist, and the Misses Moncrieff Hewitt and Phillis Broughton take part, is a lively feature of the second act; but still more entertainment was furnished by Mr. J. G. Banks's caricature panorama of the Lord Mayor's Show, in which modern distinguished and notorious personages appear under grotesque conditions, mingled with the details of mediæval pageantry. Altogether, *Whittington and His Cat* seems likely to attain some measure of the popularity won by its predecessor in the same field.

Miss Lydia Thompson, who has been absent from the stage for three years past, reappeared at the ROYALTY Theatre on Monday evening in her old part of Mrs. Smylie in Mr. Tom Taylor's *Nine Points of the Law*. This comedietta, which is extremely well acted at the Royalty, serves as the introductory piece to the new comedy, *Out of the Hunt*, which has been abridged for the occasion. The latter piece will shortly be withdrawn to make way for an adaptation, by Mr. Robert Reece, of Gondinet's *Le Panache*.

It has unfortunately been found necessary to postpone the reopening of the ST. JAMES'S Theatre, announced for Saturday evening last, owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Kendal, who has been suffering from an affection of the throat. This admirable actress is, we are glad to learn, recovering; and the St. James's will consequently reopen on Thursday next with a revival of the late Mr. Robertson's *Home*.

Honour at the COURT Theatre will shortly be withdrawn; and a new play will be produced, by Mr. Boucicault, entitled *Mimi*.



THE TERRIBLE GALE of last week was very general over the whole country, and wrought immense havoc, many lives being sacrificed, and incalculable damage done to property, both inland and on the coasts. In London and other cities chimney-pots, roofs, and in many instances whole buildings were blown down. In the parks and rural districts many hundreds of fine old trees were uprooted and other damage done, whilst on the coast no fewer than eighty-five vessels were lost, and many others sustained great damage and narrowly escaped destruction. Dismasted and derelict vessels are still being picked up and towed into harbour, and many fishing boats are still missing. The lifeboats at the various stations did good service, and saved many lives, the boatmen exhibiting all their well-known courage and devotion. One special instance of heroic self-denial deserves to be placed on record, that of Captain John Alexander Strachan, of the *Cyprian*, who, when his vessel was breaking up on the rocks off Nevin, Carnarvonshire, and all his crew had jumped overboard, gave his own life-belt to a stowaway boy, who reached the shore alive whilst his gallant preserver was drowned in his endeavour to swim to land. On land many persons were killed by falling trees and the debris of damaged buildings. At Thaxted, a village in Essex, twenty-three houses and six barns were burnt down by a fire which originated in a spark from a blacksmith's forge. One very singular accompaniment of the storm was the extraordinary low tide in the Thames, which shrank to a mere rivulet, leaving barges and steamboat piers high and dry on either bank, and revealing the existence of a number of small islands in mid-stream.

POLITICAL SPEECH-MAKING.—The Irish crisis, which we have dealt with in "Our Illustration" columns, has during the week absorbed almost the whole attention of politicians of all shades of opinion, and if the extreme Irish Nationalist party be excepted, the repressive measures adopted by the Government seem to have met with very general approval. Sir Stafford Northcote, at Edinburgh, on the very night of Mr. Parnell's arrest, insisted that it was the duty of all men to sustain the Government in its effort to preserve law and order; next day Messrs. Burton and Ashton Dilke, speaking at Newcastle, declared that if ever imprisonment without trial was

justifiable it was so in Mr. Parnell's case; and on Saturday Messrs. Woodall and Broadhurst, the members for Stoke-on-Trent, were cheered when affirming that, unless Ireland was to be reduced to chaos, the powers of arrest must be vigorously exercised.

MR. GLADSTONE has been suffering from a severe cold. He travelled from London to Hawarden on Friday during the storm, and on Saturday went out into the woods felling timber. On Sunday and Monday he was confined to his room, but he is now better, and it is hoped that he will have sufficiently recovered by the 26th to pay his promised visit to the Earl of Derby at Knowsley. Some extraordinary precautions have been taken for the protection of the Prime Minister against possible attacks by Irish malcontents, a number of policemen being placed on special duty at Hawarden Castle and in the surrounding grounds.

FENIAN SCARES.—On Wednesday, a brown paper parcel, addressed to "Mr. M. O'Connor, 6, Lime Street, Holyhead," was found outside the residence of a clergyman at Clapham. It was handed to the police, who report that it contained seven bottles of a coloured liquid, supposed to be paint and water, some percussion caps, and two nonsensical letters, one of which referred to "Buckshot Forster." The affair is regarded as a hoax.—At Glasgow, on the same day, a postman, coming across a small box, kicked it, and hearing a noise, concluded that it was an infernal machine. Examination, however, proved it to contain nothing more dangerous than the mechanism of a toy sheep.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE held its annual meeting at Manchester on Tuesday, about 2,000 delegates attending. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who presided, said that they must press Parliament to carry out the twice-recorded opinion of the House of Commons that licences should not be granted for the benefit of the publicans, but of the public. The duty of the people was by might and main to prove to the Government the demand for this legislation. If their hearts were in the matter there was no reason why next year they should not have to congratulate themselves on a successful result of their labours. It was stated that one of the members, Mr. C. Watson of Halifax, had at his own cost printed and distributed eight millions of temperance tracts during the past year. A public meeting was held in the evening, Mr. Stafford Howard, M.P., presiding. Here Sir Wilfrid Lawson made a second speech, in which he incidentally referred to the new "Drunkards' Perambulator," designed for the use of the Edinburgh police, as a proof that the "resources of civilisation were not yet exhausted."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its annual meeting at Chester on Tuesday. The Duke of Westminster, who was the chief speaker, said that the public opinion created by temperance societies had done a good work in the closing of public-houses in Ireland and Wales on Sunday. He believed that opinion was coming round to a similar view with respect to England, but regard must be had to the natural requirements of the public.

A PRESENT FOR CETEWAYO.—A religious and temperance association, which calls itself "The Blue Ribbon Army," has sent out to South Africa a concertina for presentation to King Cetewayo, by the Rev. Dr. Hole, of Cape Town, one of their missionaries. At a special meeting held recently at Hoxton to bid farewell to Dr. Hole, it was stated that Cetewayo was a great admirer of concertina music, and a hope was expressed that he might yet become a Christian and a total abstainer. His mind was, however, hardly yet ripe for temperance truth, for though he had been induced to apply to have his allowance of gin (one bottle per day) exchanged for ginger beer, the difference in cost to be paid him in cash, he had declared that he would prefer to have champagne.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF RAILWAY TRAINS has been proved to be perfectly practicable by an experiment on the Brighton line, the trial being made in a Pullman car which was illuminated by twelve small incandescent lamps, with reflectors fitted in the roof, the power being obtained from thirty-two Faure's accumulator cells. On the downward journey the lights were turned on and off at pleasure as the train passed through the tunnels, but on the way back at night they were kept alight the whole distance from Brighton to Victoria.

A CARGO OF SALMON, 6,000 in number, and 31 tons in weight, has just arrived in London on board the yacht *Diana*, from Hudson's Bay. The fish were caught in July and August, and frozen by the dry air process, which arrests decay and preserves the colour, "curd," and flavour, and the experiment is stated to have been perfectly successful.

A BREWERS' EXHIBITION is now being held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. It is not, however, confined to malt liquors, but includes foreign wines and non-alcoholic drinks, most of which can be "tasted" gratis; besides tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes in various stages of preparation and manufacture.

COMMUNICATION WITH LIGHT-HOUSES AND LIGHT-SHIPS.

The importance of having a rapid and constant means of communication between the mainland and the Light-houses and Light-vessels which mark the dangerous reefs and headlands of our coast is too manifest to be disputed, and it may be surprising to some, whose attention has never been specially called to the subject, that the only means now in use for this purpose is the primitive one of signalling with guns and rockets, which of course fails when it is most required, as in fogs, snowstorms, and other atmospheric disturbances. Carrier pigeons have been tried, but they also fail in the hour of need, refusing to fly except in fine weather, when the messages they would bear are naturally of little comparative importance. The subject has recently attracted a good deal of public attention, and the other day a large meeting, specially convened by the Lord Mayor at the request of 1,200 citizens of London, was held at the Mansion House, at which resolutions were passed, representing to the Government the urgent necessity of establishing telegraphic communications between the harbours and lifeboat stations and the Light-houses and Light-ships, an undertaking which, it was clearly shown, would be the means of saving many lives and much mercantile property. The speakers, among whom were the Lord Mayor, Mr. E. Leigh Pemberton, M.P., and several gentlemen who from long residence at seaside places were in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject, said that in very many instances within their own knowledge imperilled lives and vessels might have been rescued had it been possible to give instantaneous information of the wrecks. The Light-houses and Light-vessels at present, although admirably managed by the Trinity House authorities, are solely of use as beacons or danger signals, warning passing vessels to keep off the rocks or sands, which they mark. If, however, an unfortunate vessel comes to grief, they are powerless to render aid because of the lack of communication with the shore. It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that the Government is indifferent or dilatory, or that the expense of laying down the telegraphic cables is the only difficulty in the way. In the case of Light-houses we should think that no insuperable physical obstacles would prevent themselves, for surely our civil engineers could contrive a means of safely depositing the cable upon or within the ocean bed, whether in rock or in shifting sand, so as to protect it from trailing anchors and other damaging influences. The means of effecting a connection with the floating Light-ships, so as to effectually avoid similar difficulties, are certainly not so manifest, as in these cases there must always be a certain length of cable hanging loose in the water, so as to allow of the swing of the vessel as she rides at her moorings, but we doubt not the resources of science if called upon, would be found equal to this task also.



FEMININE SUFFRAGE has triumphed in Croatia, where, for the first time, women have been allowed to vote at a municipal election at Agram. Eight hundred and five ladies came to the poll.

A DUELLISTS' BANQUET was recently given at Pesth by a skilful swordsman to celebrate his twenty-fifth duel. No one was invited unless he could prove at least twelve encounters; and the faces of the guests were more remarkable for honourable scars than for original beauty.

THE DEAN OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE PARIS INVALIDES has died at the age of ninety, leaving a fortune of 16,000*l*. L'heritier was one of the curiosities of the Institution, as he was most miserly and eccentric, and his companions were constantly discovering his hoards of money and divers objects of value in the queerest hiding-places.

MORE ASCENTS OF MONT BLANC have been made this year than during any previous season. From June 29th to September 19th, forty-two separate parties climbed the mountain, and three of the travellers were ladies—English, French, and Swiss. France heads the list with 19 of the 65 remaining mountaineers, England following close with 17, while there were 11 Swiss, 6 Germans, 6 Americans, 3 Italians, and 3 Austrians.

A TUNNEL THROUGH THE PYRENEES is now proposed at a point midway between the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Not only would the distance between Paris and Madrid be shortened by some sixty-two miles, but the scheme would especially benefit those districts of France and Spain which at present depend for communication on mountain roads, where traffic is almost impossible in the depth of winter. This project has been brought forward by the Spanish Government, which promises to defray half the expense, if France will provide the remaining funds.

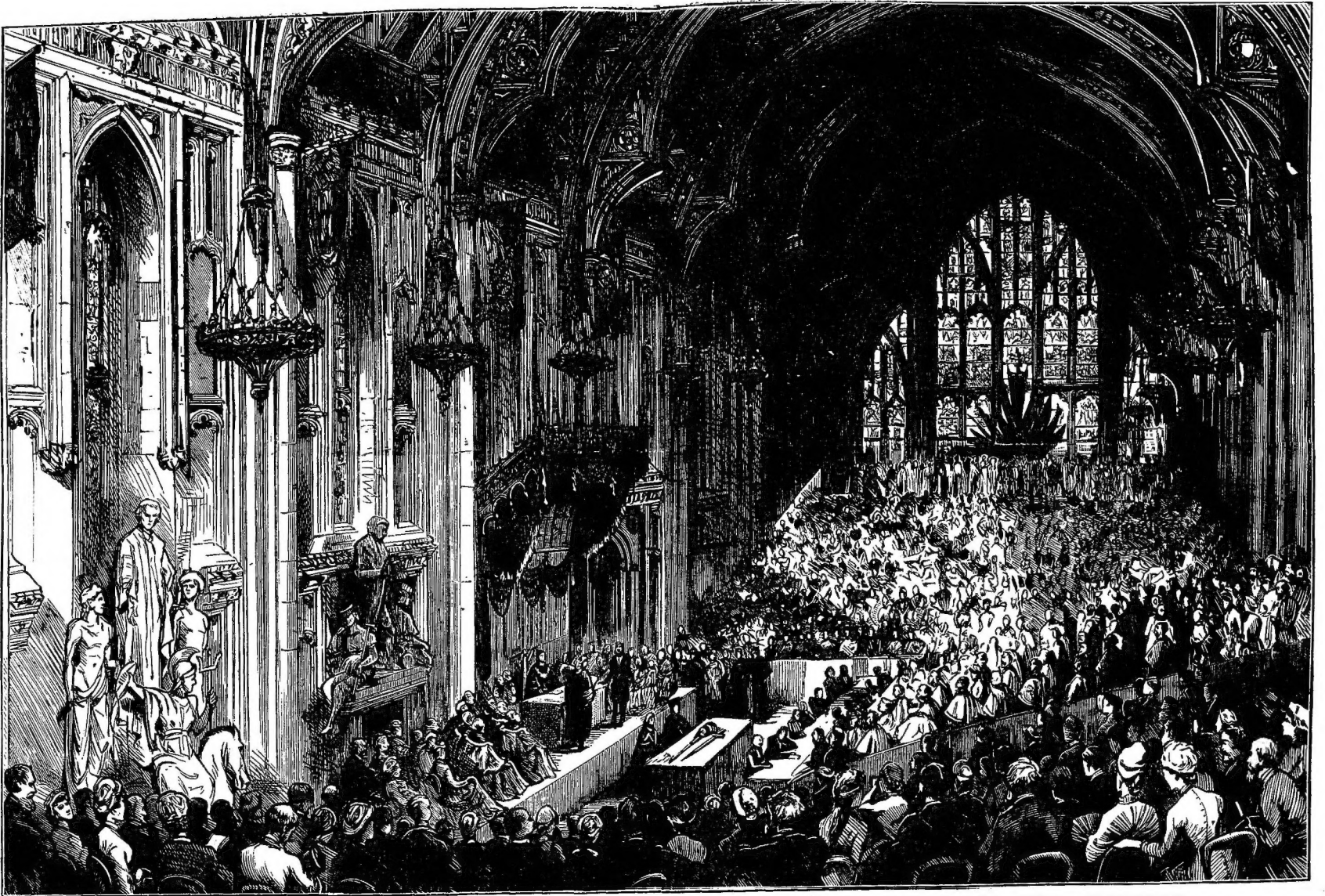
PARISIAN ART CIRCLES are very busy just now. Not only are they planning the formation of the Animal Painters' Society, in which Mlle. Rosa Bonheur is much interested, but they are now discussing the new Committee which will organise next year's Salon, while they further propose to form an Association of French Artists—like that of the French Men of Letters—which shall include all exhibitors at the Salon, and any other deserving artists. Much interest is also felt in the coming Exhibition of Meissonnier's works, which is expected to be a splendid display. Most of the owners of Meissonnier's pictures have promised to lend them to make the exhibition complete, and many of these loans will come from America, while Queen Victoria will send *Le Rixe* from England.

THE POPULAR MOURNING FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD in the United States presented some curious features in several of the chief cities. Thus in one street in New York a tenant had veiled the house-front below his first-floor windows with an unmistakable black silk skirt, another had hung out of the window a dress-coat, with white rosettes pinned on each of the tails. One large business house was entirely concealed by a monster curtain of black cashmere, with holes cut for the windows, and even the bootblacks decorated their chairs with crape. Indeed the correspondent of the *American Register* says that the city looked like a great rag-fair. Both the President's illness and death brought a rich harvest to many trades, for black and white flags, pictures, medals, busts, and biographies of General Garfield were sold by thousands, while the newspapers are estimated to have issued some 65,000,000 extra copies during the thirteen weeks' excitement, making an additional income of about 260,000*l*.

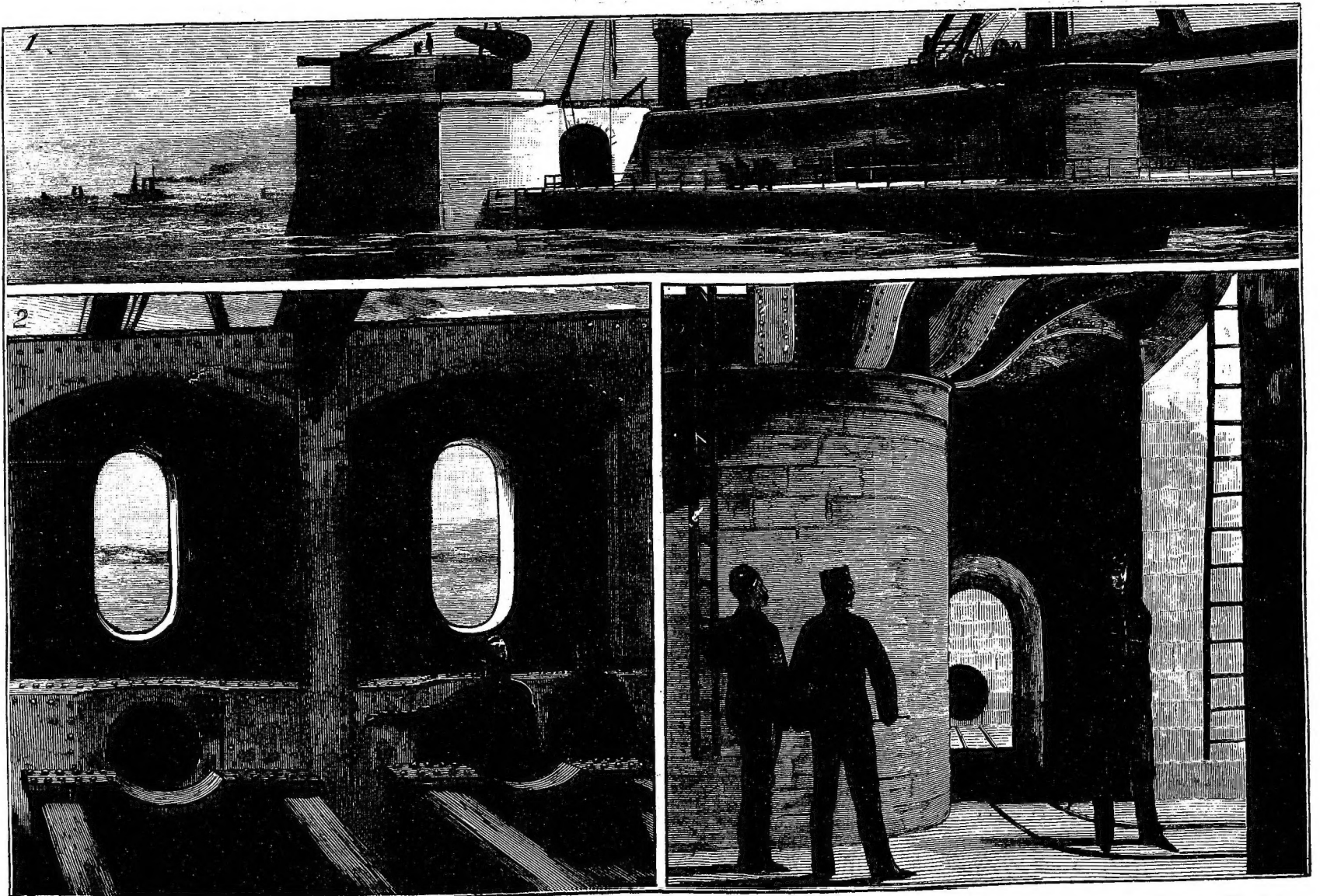
LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,460 deaths were registered against 1,362 during the previous seven days, an increase of 98, being 11 above the average, and at the rate of 19.9 per 1,000. These deaths included 12 from small-pox (an increase of 9), 33 from measles (an increase of 12, and exceeding the average by 9), 66 from scarlet fever (an increase of 11, and 2 below the average), 13 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 32 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8, and 4 above the average), 33 from enteric fever (a decrease of 13, but 1 above the average), and 26 from diarrhoea (a decline of 13, and 8 below the average). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 279 (an increase of 52, but 25 above the average), of which 172 were attributed to bronchitis, and 77 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths. There were 2,550 births registered against 2,468 during the previous week, being 27 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 49.0 deg., and 2.8 deg. below the average. There were 14.6 hours of registered bright sunshine during the week, the sun being above the horizon 76.0 hours.

THE YOUNG GAIKWAR OF BARODA is to formally assume the reins of government at the end of this year, and the last report issued by the temporary guardians of the State gives some interesting details of the native ruler's character and occupations. The Gaikwar, now about 18½, is described as a good-tempered and determined lad, quiet and well-mannered, somewhat reserved about himself, but eager for information, especially on English matters, indeed, he is exactly like an English schoolboy with good health and spirits. He is not quick at learning, but has a fair memory and much perseverance. His English is good, though the pronunciation is not clear; but his handwriting is bad, and he is weak in arithmetic and Guzerati, at which latter study he is working hard, as it is the language of all the public State offices. He has read Indian history generally, has a fair knowledge of the outlines of English history, and has studied the elements of political economy, the Penal Code, and the Law of Evidence. Every day he wrestles, rides, and plays billiards in addition to his usual studies, which, by the bye, have been in no way disarranged by his recent marriage. He is as punctual at school as ever, and his personal character and conduct are declared to be perfectly satisfactory.

AN IMPORTANT ARCTIC VOYAGE has been made this year by the well-known whaler *Arctic*, which has obtained apparently trustworthy information of the unfortunate Franklin expedition. The vessel in August penetrated up Wellington Channel as far as the highest point yet reached, and when checked by the ice barrier sailed up Barrow Straits till stopped by the same obstacle, and then turned her course to the neighbourhood of the loss of the *Erabus* and *Terror*, Captain Adams visiting the monument to Sir John Franklin on Beechy Island, where he found the house and provisions left by former explorers in a wretched condition. He then tried to get up the Gulf of Boothia, but the ice was too heavy until the end of the month, when he managed to penetrate to Cape Nordenskjöld, on the west side of Boothia, whence he was driven in a heavy fog close to Fury and Hecla Straits. Here an Esquimaux came on board, who declared that, when a young lad, three strange men came to his father's hut in great distress, stating that they were the survivors of seventeen persons out of two vessels which had been lost far to the west. Their companions expired soon after his arrival, his companions lamenting him bitterly as the "Aniguk," or great captain. They also died shortly after, and the Esquimaux showed Captain Adams on a chart the spot where they were buried. Captain Adams thinks that this must have occurred some thirty-five years ago, and that the "great captain" must have been Lieutenant Crozier, who was apparently striving to reach Hudson's Bay territory.

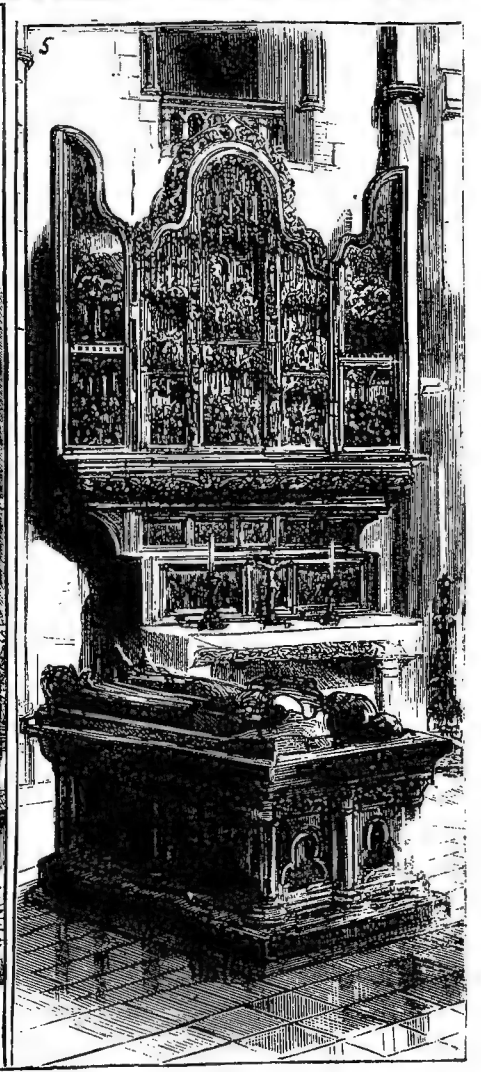
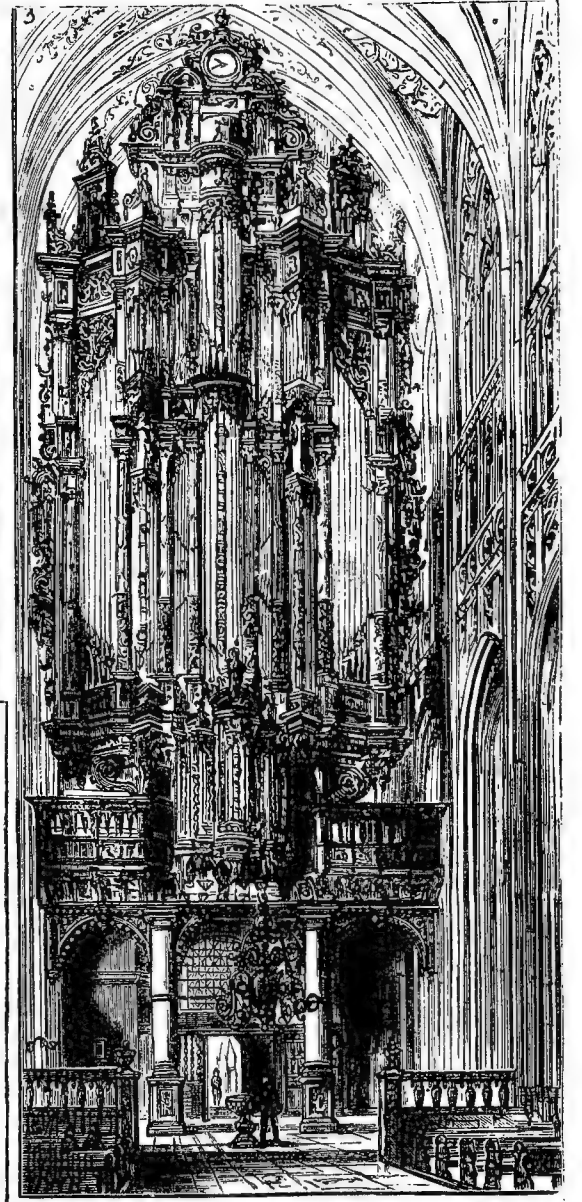
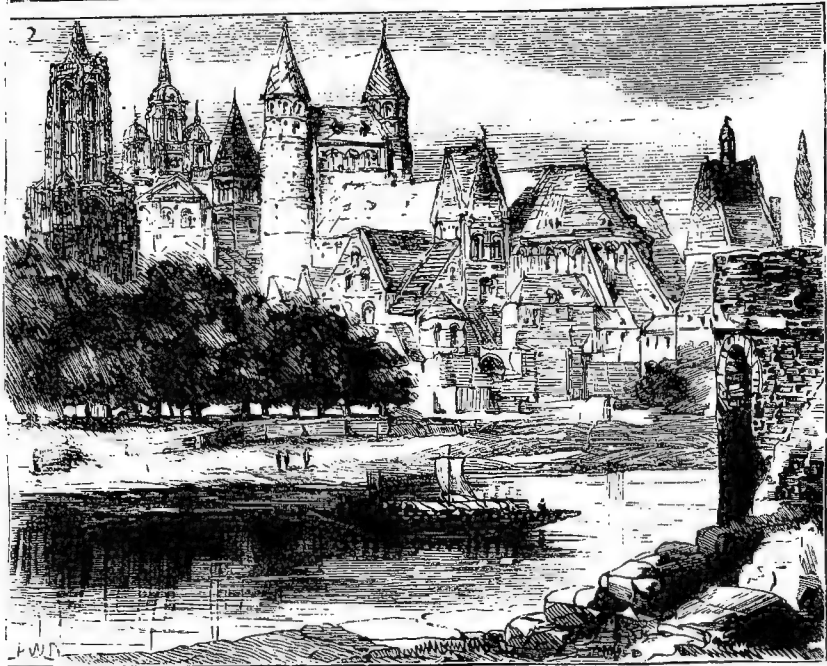
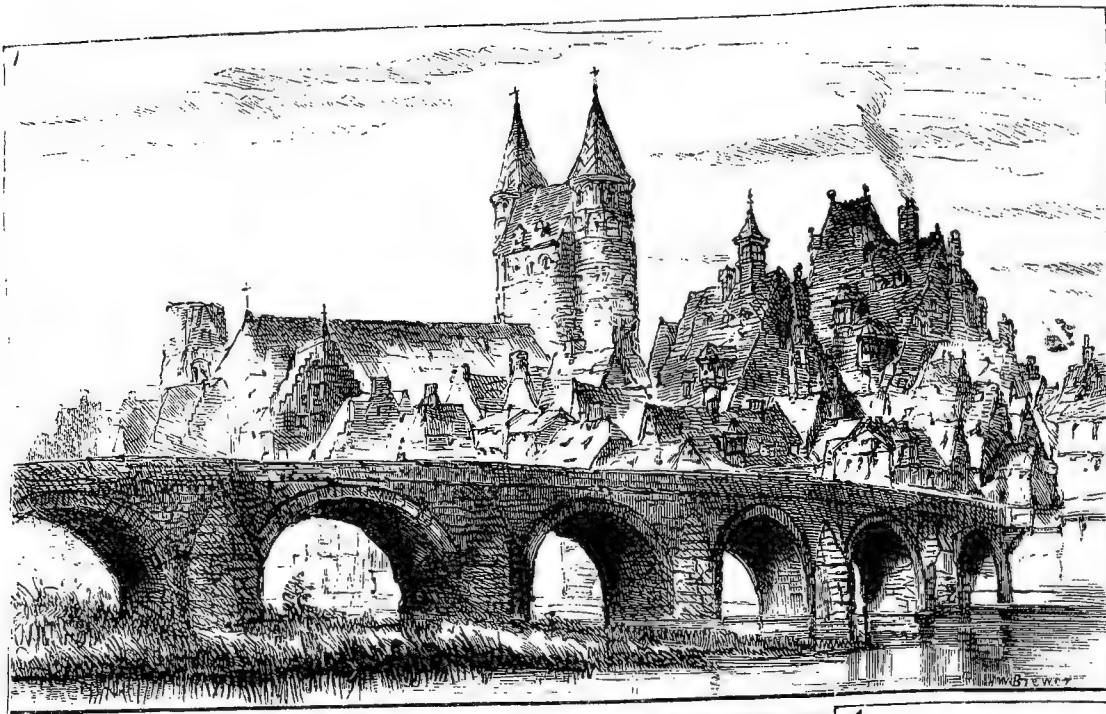


MR. GLADSTONE IN THE CITY—PRESENTATION OF THE CIVIC ADDRESS AT THE GUILDHALL



1. The Pier-head, Showing the Main Entrance to the Fort.—2. Interior of Turret, Showing Ports, Slides, and Apertures to which the Guns are Depressed for Loading.—3. Circular Passage Below Outer Edge of Turret.

OUR COAST DEFENCES—NEW GUN TURRET ON DOVER PIER



1. The Old Bridge at Maestricht.—2. Maestricht.—3. The Great Organ at Bois-le-Duc.—4. Breda.—5. View in the Minster, Roermond.—6. Old Gate at Bergen-op-Zoom.

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF HOLLAND

A TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF HOLLAND

ALTHOUGH Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague are so frequently visited by English tourists, and of late years our countrymen have found their way to the "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee, yet there are still many districts of Holland which are as little known to the English traveller in search of the picturesque as almost any part of Europe. Amongst these we may name the provinces of Dutch Brabant and Dutch Limburg. It seems strange that this should be the case, because they are so very easy of access, either by the old Rotterdam route, or the new one by Flushing. Probably one cause for so few English finding their way to this part of Holland is the scanty information given upon the subject in our guide books.

The scenery of Dutch Brabant has of course nothing grand or strikingly romantic about it, but in parts it is well-wooded, and recalls to one's mind the pictures of Hobbema. Rivers and canals abound, but as a rule, the land is less flat and the landscape rather less monotonous than in other parts of Holland. There is a good deal of heath and one or two large dismal morasses, but on the whole the country is not uninteresting.

The inhabitants in general are homely, industrious, and, as far as our experience goes, remarkably honest: the upper classes rather reserved, but most refined in their manners and exceedingly handsome. We suppose the ladies here must have inherited their dark eyes and hair and their slim graceful figures from the Spanish settlers, but their brilliant complexions and delicate skin must have come to them from their northern ancestors. Living must be very cheap in Dutch Brabant, if one may judge from the very moderate hotel bills; it is true the fare is rather coarse, and the Dutch cooking not very refined, the wine bad, and the "Faro beer" not to every one's taste; but, on the other hand, the coffee and tea are delicious, milk, eggs, butter, cheese, and poultry remarkably cheap and good. The most important towns in Dutch Brabant are Bergen-op-Zoom in the extreme west, Bois-le-Duc in the north, and Breda near the centre of the province.

Bergen-op-Zoom is an interesting, though rather dull old town, about two miles from the East Scheldt. It contains a vast old church, of a plan not uncommon in Holland, the nave, choir, and transepts all being the same length. Like most of the old Dutch churches, it is exceedingly plain, and ceiled with a wooden barrel vault, devoid of ribs or ornament of any kind. The nave alone is used as a Protestant Church. The transept forms a public thoroughfare, and the choir has been used as a burial-place for the most important inhabitants of the town. The old gate, of which we give a sketch, is a picturesque object.

Breda is rather prettily situated upon the river Mark, where the Byloer falls into it. The view of the town from the banks of either of these rivers is very striking. The combination of architecture, trees, ships, and water is thoroughly Dutch. The Protestant Cathedral is one of the finest churches in Holland. It has a noble tower, nearly 370 feet high; formerly it was still more lofty, but the upper portion, which consisted of two open lanterns of stone, placed one above the other, was destroyed by lightning at the end of the seventeenth century, and the present bulb-shaped steeple erected in its place. The church is rich in monuments. That erected to the memory of Englebert the First, and John of Nassau, is a remarkably rich and intricate example of late gothic work. The statues, with which it is adorned are wonderfully like Memling's pictures. The monument of Englebert the Second is almost a counterpart of that of Sir Francis Vere in Westminster Abbey. There is a tradition that it is the work of Michelangelo. The general idea is very striking, but the workmanship coarse, and wanting in freedom. It is not impossible that Michelangelo may have made a sketch, or have furnished the general design of this monument, but it was evidently not executed by his hand. In the choir are several remarkably fine brasses and well-carved stalls. The font is of brass gilt, and is a most elegant example of early Dutch Renaissance work. This beautiful church is in a sad state of neglect. The nave alone is used for the purposes of worship, and when we saw it the transepts were converted into a drying room for the clergyman and his family, a line of "washing," about 180 feet long, extended from end to end, exhibiting various articles of wearing apparel which one is not accustomed to see in a church. There is a picturesque old castle at Breda, and a very large new Roman Catholic Cathedral, the interior of which, though plain, is more effective than that of most modern churches. It is from the designs of Mr. Cuypers, who is building the Government Museums and Galleries at The Hague. The singular manner in which Breda was surprised and taken from the Duke of Parma in 1590, is described at length by Motley and Davies.

Bois-le-Duc, or as the Dutch called it, "Hertogenbosch" or "Bosch," has had the distinction of adding a new word to the English language, the word "Bosh" signifying rubbish. Hertogenbosch is celebrated as manufacturing the very worst butter in all Europe, which is largely imported by the London buttermen, and the term "Bosch butter" came by degrees to be applied to all artificial butter, and even to rubbish of other kinds. Bosch is a fine town, of about 35,000 inhabitants, with wide streets, and the most magnificent cathedral in all Holland. This remarkably fine church is called "The Dutch Cologne," from the resemblance it bears to the great German Church. It was commenced in 1419, and completed about the year 1502. Unlike most of the churches in Holland, it is covered both within and without with ornament,—tracery, paneling, sculpture, and carving, are spread over the whole surface of the building. It is very large, and 120 feet high to the internal vaulted roof. The great organ, forty feet square and nearly eighty feet high, is a mass of carved oak, of the most elaborate description. The pulpit and side-screens are equally rich and splendid, the exquisite marble rood-screen, which formerly adorned this cathedral, was removed a few years back, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. How the Dutch Government could have allowed the Dean and Chapter to have removed such a fine work out of the country is unintelligible. Bois-le-Duc is the see of one of the Dutch Roman Catholic Bishops.

Dutch Limburg is a province isolated from the rest of Holland, and cut up into three distinct portions. The principal towns are Venloo, Roermond, or Ruremond, and Maastricht. Roermond is an interesting old town with gabled houses; a large cathedral dedicated to St. Christopher, of the very plainest Gothic architecture; and a beautiful Romanesque church, called "The Minster," containing a finely-carved Gothic altar-piece, and a monument to Gerhard III., Duke of Nassau. The town is surrounded with ancient walls and towers.

Maastricht is a very striking-looking town, full of churches and ancient buildings, with a very picturesque bridge crossing the Meuse; the town is rather German than Dutch in general character, its chief objects of interest are the old Cathedral with its splendid porch and five towers, and the remarkably ancient Church of Notre Dame; the former offers specimens of almost every date from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, and a large hall at the west end is one of the most beautiful and perfect examples of early Romanesque work in existence. The south porch is an equally fine example of the style of the thirteenth century, covered with carving and statuary. The vaulting and the aisles of the nave illustrate the Middle Pointed style, and the graceful vaulting and picturesque cloisters are of the latest Gothic style. The shrine of St. Servais dates from the thirteenth century, and is covered with metal-work, elaborately chased and enamelled. The Church of Notre Dame,

with its peculiar tower and Romanesque apse, is shown in our sketch No. 2, and also the graceful Gothic tower of the Protestant Church of St. John. Maastricht possesses probably more desecrated churches than any town in the North of Europe of its size, we counted fifteen or sixteen of these ill-used buildings—one serves as a *café*, another as a stable, a third as a workhouse. The beautiful old Dominican Church is a kind of storehouse for municipal decorations, &c. The bridge over the Meuse, said to date from the fourteenth century, is a very picturesque object; several of the houses of the town are ancient, one covered with Gothic panelling near the Cathedral was for some time the residence of Charles V.

Jan Van Eyck must have been pretty frequently at Maastricht, as parts of the town are to be noticed in the backgrounds of his pictures. St. Servais, Notre Dame, and the beautiful tower of St. John's Church, are very conspicuous objects in the picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb" at Ghent.

Like Rome and Paris, Maastricht possesses catacombs, there is, however, some difficulty in obtaining permission to view them. Maastricht is rather a pleasant place of residence, and the scenery in the neighbourhood is varied and pretty.

While at Maastricht we came across a singular example of the early age at which the Dutch begin to smoke,—there were present at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel in which we were staying a lady with her two sons, aged respectively eleven and nine. Directly the dinner was over, the lady drew out of her handbag two small long parcels, which from the shape we supposed to be peppermint sticks. One of each of these she gave to the boys, who immediately unrolled them, and to our extreme astonishment they proved to be long thin cigars, which the boys lighted and began to puff at with the utmost gusto. The lads were in fact quite experienced smokers.

There is a general impression that the Dutch are great drinkers, but we are bound to say that we saw few examples of inebriation in the South of Holland, the chief drink of the people seems to be tea and milk. At Venlootwo regiments of soldiers came into the town after a long march, and instead of quenching their thirst with beer, most of them chose milk.

H. W. BREWER

IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

IRISH farmers are singing songs of triumph over their oats and potatoes. Such crops have not been known for thirty years. Potatoes are selling in some towns for threepence a stone, and in others for three-halfpence. Whether this amazing crop is due to the imported seed of the far-famed Champions, or to the weather, it is difficult to say, but the fact is indisputable. Still the Irish farmer will always have his grievance in the background. After admitting the excellence of the potato crop, one of them suddenly looked up and said, "But we're *bet in the pigs*." "How so—what do you mean?" "Well, other years we could rear two pigs on the black potatoes, and this year we've ne'er a black one at all."

It is sometimes rather hard to believe that Mayo and Galway are really as much disturbed as we are given to understand. We arrive at an isolated country-house, ten miles from a town, or even a village. What do we find there? Revolvers, barred windows, a general state of siege? Nothing of the sort. Probably we see a knot of guests peacefully engaged in a game of tennis, or babbling feeble nothings over afternoon tea, just as if they were in Berkshire or Norfolk. But if we go a mile further the scene may be changed. There, perhaps, we find an iron hut, with four or five policemen keeping guard, or if we turn out between 10 and 11 P.M., we are startled by meeting a midnight patrol of mounted police, riding along the bleak bog-surrounded roads, which seem haunted by memories of past outrages.

Stories come that one landlord has not slept on a bedstead for many months, but spends his nights on a mattress stretched on the ground, so that if any shots are fired into his room they may go over his head. Others, again, become hardened to their danger, and run desperate risks. One gentleman, who had been fired at and severely wounded some time ago, was calmly starting for a drive of twenty-four miles with his wife, at six o'clock on an October evening, in an open waggone. Darkness was fast gathering round, and the loneliness of the roads through which they had to pass might be described as terrible.

But if we come to risks, what can be said of Captain Boycott? When he and his wife got safe away, last November, every one felt a sensation of relief, and congratulated them on their fortunate escape. It was an escape almost by the skin of their teeth, and it seemed perfectly impossible that they would ever venture into the lion's mouth again. But those who thought this reckoned without their host. Captain Boycott is emphatically "bad to beat." After his American visit, his thoughts again recurred to his Irish home, so in July Mrs. Boycott returned to it, and about two months afterwards the hero of Lough Mask himself once more beheld the historic ground on which the Emergency men, the police, and the "Army" played their parts so well last year. The drive from Cong to Lough Mask is principally remarkable for the absence of trees, and the quantities of loose stone walls and stone-besprinkled fields which meet the eye on every side. Captain Boycott's avenue gate appears well secured by a large rusty padlock—no one is visible at the lodge; but, on a rising ground, two police huts are seen, and one of these guardians of the public peace is seen hovering about to watch for any unwelcome intruder. To get into such a place is like storming a citadel. After a vigorous shake, however, the gate opens—it is not really locked, after all—and in a few minutes the house appears, a square, white building, with the full light of the afternoon sun upon it. It wears a cheery aspect. The front door is wide open, two fox terriers run down the steps, and curiously sniff at chance visitors, a myrtle tree is growing outside in the open air, the placid waters of Lough Mask gleam in the sunshine, and the old castle tower in the farmyard gives an air of antiquity to the tranquil picture, which is backed by the blue mountains on the opposite side of the lake. The rooms inside have a particularly snug and home-like air, and show the refined tastes of the genial mistress of the house. Flowers and books are everywhere. Tennyson's Poems and "Alice in Wonderland" seem at once strange and familiar.

Captain Boycott is not troubled with nervous qualms, and shows true British pluck. He hopes to remain at Lough Mask for the winter. The interdiction against him is now partially removed; he can, if he likes, procure goods at the Ballinrobe shops, he can get servants, and when he went to receive rents at Claremorris, the tenants paid—in part,—at any rate. "There are worse men than Captain Boycott" is the verdict of one of his humbler neighbours. The principal fault they had to find with him was his accuracy and regularity. He fined one of his workmen sixpence for habitually leaving a gate open. This fine was repeated three times; but, in the end, the amount was returned to the delinquent. The system of fines, however, though often necessary, is always hateful to the Irish labourer.

Captain Boycott's notoriety has been thrust upon him, and he does not particularly enjoy it. It is a curious experience to have his name made a household word, and to see it fairly incorporated into the English language, and transferred into a verb. Even the children playing in the public streets talk of "Boycotting" one another as glibly as their elders.

About four miles from Lough Mask the splendid house of Ashford lies shut up and untenanted. There is no chance of Lord Ardilaun paying his usual autumn visit this year; there is no one to enjoy the steam yacht on Lough Corrib, the pheasantry, or the pleasure grounds, on which thousands have been freely lavished. At one

time five hundred labourers were employed on the Ashford estate; now, not a quarter of the number.

The opposition of the Land League to fox-hunting is drawing down volumes of wrath from those interested in the sport. The groans of the disappointed horse-dealers returning from Ballinasloe Fair were both loud and deep. No one would even look at expensive hunters, and the loss to the country was volubly declared to be a million of money. "The fair grows worse every year."

The ballad literature of the Land League is sometimes rather amusing. These ballads are sung at the fairs in Galway and Mayo by a male and female vocalist. The lady is not generally remarkable for personal charms; and, in one instance, her hair seemed as if it had never known the use of a comb. But her voice was especially shrill and piercing. The ballads are afterwards sold at a halfpenny each. A verse of one of these may serve as a specimen of all. It is entitled "A New Song on the Land Bill," written by Patrick Connell:—

Draw near, you tenant farmers, until I cheer your spirits still,
And I'll sing for you a verse or two concerning the Land Bill,
That was passed for us for fifteen years by the English laws;
Poor Pat don't care about it, for there are too many clauses.

"Claws" would seem the more appropriate termination, but the poet writes "clause." The public pay their halfpenny and may take their choice. To verify the Land Act does, indeed, seem a herculean task. The ballad, however, ends hopefully:—

So, cheer up your hearts, Irishmen, don't let your courage fail,
And we'll soon have peace and plenty once again in Granale;
But long life to Mr. Parnell, he's the bravest man we see,
For he did his best and stood the test for Erin—och, machree!

After such lines, who can say that the race of poets is becoming extinct?
C. J. II.

ARMED PEACE

As year after year successive autumns array against each other on fields of mimic battle armies more numerous than the victors of Talavera, though but mere fractions of the enormous hosts which every great Power, except ourselves, keeps under arms or in readiness for the first summons, the question still recurs, Can all this last? Will nations grow weary of the Sisyphean labour, or has the Old World gone back for good to the time when every citizen was a soldier? For clearly one chief aim of these displays is to familiarise men's minds with this last alternative. Except, indeed, for the opportunities they afford of practically testing every year how the machinery of mobilisation works, autumn manoeuvres do not teach the professional soldier very much. Better tactical instruction is imparted in those weekly exercises which no one sees. The display which gives a possible enemy matter for reflection, and animates native breasts with proud self-confidence, is after all the greatest gain. Each nation takes stock of what its neighbours have been doing. If the Honved battalions of Kaiser Franz can scarcely be distinguished from his Austrian regulars; if Von Moltke's pupils have so learned to avail themselves of every accident of ground that a skilled correspondent, armed with map and spy-glass, and previously instructed where to go, fails to discover the division he is looking for; if French *redettes* still keep one eye upon the soup-kettle, when both should be on the watch for an imaginary enemy; these things, we may be sure, are noted down, not for the amusement of idle readers, but for the earnest study of a dozen War Offices. The difficulties which would beset ourselves in any attempt at mobilisation in good earnest; the excessive youthfulness of the majority of our rank and file; the use of volunteers in war and their skill as marksmen against fixed targets, which do not disconcert the practised aim by moving quickly forward with rifles in their hands, are even better known abroad than here.

Of course we all console ourselves with the reflection that we at least have not lost our senses like other folk—that no free Englishman is taken willy nilly from his work to be uniformed and drilled *à outrance* at the very time when he should be getting out of his apprenticeship and beginning to earn his own living by profitable industry. But is this so great an evil after all? None will deny the mockery of Christian civilisation involved in a system which exhausts all the discoveries of science and (in Germany) all the energies of a numerous and able class of nobles to teach us how to cut each others' throats. But there is cutting of throats (metaphorically speaking) in peace as well as war, and often after a manner and more ignoble fashion. A Roman would have hardly thought such scruples worth an argument; and Roman civilisation was not without a philosophic basis.

But the people themselves, it may be said, are weary of this militarism. On this point there is some divergency of opinion. In our easy *a priori* way of reasoning, all seems no doubt in favour of the view that they ought to be, and therefore must be, weary of it. Yet close observers see no very convincing signs of this. Men like the French, who have known the bitterness of being compelled to stand as lookers-on while invaders drank their best wines, lived in their best rooms, and paid for all they used or wasted in drafts upon the invaded Government, to be settled by the losers after peace was made; who have missed the *ormolu* house-clock or the porcelain breakfast service, and have shrewdly suspected, though not daring to give utterance to their suspicions, that the missing property was stowed away among the baggage of some Teutonic *markettenderin*, and who have watched the gradual transformation, under stress of war, of the formal and cultured Berliner into a Wallenstein's Jäger "kind of man," breaking for choice the most precious furniture to feed the camp-fires in the terrible winter of '70-'71, twisting into pipe-lights the leaves of Monsieur's illustrated books, and "making hay" in Madame's *boudoir*, may be excused if they at least think otherwise, and take their places joyously in the ranks as reservists or volunteers. Italians and Austrians, though they love not the Conscription over much, still bear it patiently, and think they may be worse off.

And Germany, the prime cause and motor of all the pother, what does she think of the "Frankenstein's monster" she has created? Again, it is the fashion to say that Germans abhor the existing system, and emigrate by thousands to get out of its reach. Somehow we rather question this. A barren and thickly-peopled country (as much of Northern Germany must always be), where poor men have large families, and educated labour can be procured everywhere at starvation prices, needs no excuse for copious emigration. And naturally the emigrant is nothing loth to descant on the advantages of getting rid of all this militarism, and of the dangers too, as he does not always add, which make militarism a sort of State necessity. But are those who remain very seriously aggrieved? Their three years with the colours are spent after all in the district in which, if we may use an Americanism, they were "raised." It thus involves no greater severance of domestic or industrial ties than would befall ourselves at home if militia regiments were permanently embodied—allowing perhaps for the extra drill and discipline which make life in the German army a very serious affair. And the damage to the individual? Three years in the ranks for the stupid and the uneducated; one year for the well-taught and diligent volunteer. What is this after all but another year or two at school, and in a very admirable school besides? No doubt it is objectionable at the time, just as two or three years more schooling would be to our own young folk, excepting, perhaps, the gilded youth of Eton or Harrow, whose school-days are often little more than holidays organised. In fact, however much our German friends may grumble over the matter when they find themselves abroad and in circles where it is popular to run down "the Service," it is very

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doubtful how far the German at home regards the "Wehr-pflicht" as a very serious grievance. He has at least "something to show" for his time and money, and this alone goes a great way with individuals, as with nations. *The Times* correspondent even found the same who regarded their own exemption in past years—for the Government does not take every able-bodied youth—as a matter rather to be regretted than rejoiced over. No popular novelist, we think, in Germany has gone to the Conscription for the motive of even a domestic tragedy-comedy.

In any case the man must, indeed, be sanguine who looks forward to a speedy return to the peaceful fashions once in vogue when people now in middle age were young. The most uncompromising of Continental Liberals—and Europe is everywhere moving towards Liberalism of the most advanced type—would be as heretical in this one matter as the staunchest upholder of hereditary monarchy. The *intransigent* will object to standing armies; but universal obligation to serve the State,—substituting a territorial militia for an active army, officered probably by aristocrats, and certainly by men who would yield blind obedience to the powers that be—is always a leading feature in his political confession of faith. To those, however, who would fain be peaceful lookers-on, entrenched in fancied security behind the silver seas, the sight is not particularly re-assuring. For the most peaceful have certain interests abroad which can only be secured if they are prepared to protect themselves. And the weight of a single one of these monster armies, directed irresistibly on some weak point in the line, would constitute a danger which the most optimistic temperament must anticipate at times with a secret apprehension. J. K.



MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A new vocal trio, if it be worth anything, is always welcome if only on account of its rarity. "The Gondola Trio," written and composed by H. Hersee and A. Randegger, for soprano, tenor, and bass, is melodious and cheerful as the subject requires, and deserves a good place in a programme of a miscellaneous concert.—Two vocal duets for soprano and mezzo-soprano, by J. Karl Bernhard, are tuneful and not difficult. The prettier of the two is "Spring Time;" it will be the general favourite. "The Gondolier" will also please in spite of a lack of originality.—"Hard to Please" is a poem with an excellent moral; the words are by Alice Evéard, the music by Francesco Berger. A contralto will make a hit with this ballad.—A sentimental duet for soprano and tenor is "O, Could I Fly On Morning's Wings," written and composed by Frankfort Moore and Sir R. P. Stewart, suitable for a drawing-room concert; if sung with taste it will speedily win popularity.—Three songs which will take good places in the musical world, and keep them, are "From the Bosom of Ocean I Seek Thee," the graceful poetry by Bayard Taylor, music by Sir Julius Benedict, who was in a happy vein when he composed it for Madame Patey, to whose rich voice it is exactly suited; "Sweet May" is a tale of a rustic courtship very prettily versified by Hugh Conway, and set to a cheerful melody by F. H. Cowen,—this song is of medium compass; "The Radiant Lady," also written by H. Conway, is a mystic tale of an angel and a ragged child, a subject of which so much has been said of late, the music is by A. H. Behrend. All the above vocal compositions may be sung without a fee.—"La Balançoire" is the appropriate name for a very pretty pianoforte piece by Paul de Cernay, with a well-sustained swing in it.—A good companion piece for the above is "Nocturne," by Ernest J. Reiter.—Two specimens of dance-music, of more than average excellence, are "Jours Heureux," a valse by L. d'Orgeval, which is well worth learning by heart for Christmastide, and "Cupid Polka," by J. H. Sykes. Both these pieces are very prettily illustrated.

B. WILLIAMS.—A useful song for a baritone is "Beauty's Queen," written and composed by S. A. Hadley and Lionel Benson; the refrain, in waltz time, is very effective.—Of the same type as the above is "O Maiden Fairest," written and composed by F. H. Bell.—"Over Yonder" is a *naïve* little song for a mezzo-soprano, safe for an encore at a musical reading, the playful words are by C. Bradberry, the music by C. E. Tinney.—W. Smallwood has not been so successful as usual in his arrangements of Operatic Solos, to judge from No. 1, which is a fragmentary setting of *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), it would be much more satisfactory if the transcriber would confine himself to one complete air, and not change so abruptly from one to another.—"Shells of Ocean," which has been a favourite theme for transcribers for many years past, has been arranged as a pianoforte duet for the schoolroom by Stephen Jarvis, in an easy but musically manner.—"Mountain Melodies" is the collective title of six fairly good pianoforte pieces by E. Dorn. The charming frontispieces of Welsh mountains and lakes will please the eyes of the young folks for whom the pieces are written: No. 3 is the prettiest of the set.

MESSRS. R. COCKS AND CO.—Pathetic words by Helen M. Burnside, wedded to a sweet melody by Joseph L. Roedel, combine to make "The Scent of the Limes" a song for all times and seasons.—Nos. 27 and 29 of "Gems Selected from the Great Masters," by G. F. West, are Haydn's "On Thee Each Living Soul," and "Inflammatus" (Rossini); both show the hand of a practised musician, and will prove a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of Sunday music at home.—Nos. 4 and 5 of "Six Melodious Pieces by Fritz Spindler," "May Morn" and "Summer Voices," are moderately difficult, suitable for after dinner execution.

MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.—As Christmas draws near we begin to prepare for carol singing, more especially when living in the country and responsible for training the village lads and lasses to take their share in the services, sacred and secular, of the season. From this firm comes a neat little volume of "Christmas Songs and Carols," which will meet all the requirements of a village choir. Traditional, ancient, and modern, are here collected ready to hand, and prove without doubt that carols are all the better for keeping, for few, if any, modern composer can write a genuine carol worth singing or listening to.



MR. KEANE has speedily followed up his "Six Months in Meccah" by "My Journey to Medinah" (Tinsley Brothers), for the truth of which narrative he "pledges his name and faith," leaving it uncertain whether by the latter word he means the Mahomedanism which he so skilfully assumed, or the Christianity which we suppose he professes when at home. Of course his book is interesting, though he has no such sensational story to tell as that of the "Lady Venus," of whom he remarks in a disappointingly vague note that "it has been discovered with tolerable certainty who she is." The march across the Desert, the dangers from Bedouins, and the misery of the walking pilgrims, are well relieved by tales about

the Amir's *cuisine*—potatoes, "muttini-cutlits and Englishistew," and a wild attempt at a roly-poly pudding which the conceited *chef* insisted on making. It is strange to hear of Arab *bakshesh*, just as guinea fees, and Bedouin water-girls asking for *bakshesh*, just as they would if they had had to do with plain Mr. Keane instead of with Haji Mohammed Amin. This time our author wholly escaped detection; the Medinah street-boys are perhaps less 'cute than their Mecca brothers; and an almost fatal wound given him by a Bedouin, whose greedy impudence he had punished by flinging a dish of hot stew in his face, prevented him from going out alone. His being able to shoot flying was the only thing that seemed to make him a marked man. The kindness with which his chum—one of the Amir's suite, whom he christened "third warrior"—nursed him, insisting (to begin with) that he should not be left behind to perish, passes all praise. He complains that the walking pilgrims have no word for gratitude, thanking God instead of the giver when their lives are saved with a draught of water; we hope it is his modesty which led him to conceal what gratitude must have prompted him to do in acknowledgment of so much tender care. All we can gather from the narrative is that, as soon as they got near Bombay, he skulked off to the fore-castle and put on English sailor's clothes, without even a word of good-bye to his friend and preserver. The return voyage was worse than the desert-march. Pilgrims have a sad time of it on board; and we are sorry that sailors and stokers treat them with brutal harshness. Mr. Keane has seen "the mate of a ship kick in the mouth a woman who was kissing his feet, all because she had lost her ticket." Surely that white savage better deserved knocking down than the camel-driver whom our author floored, for no apparent reason but that he had an abnormally developed nose, and was able to wag it.

Mr. E. C. Otté's "Denmark and Iceland" (Sampson Low), in "Foreign Countries and British Colonies," is quite worthy to rank with that "France" of which we lately gave such a favourable notice. Its only fault is that, beginning with Gorm the Old, and taking no note of the "mere sagas," it tells too little about early times. But of Denmark as it is, its beechwoods, its manor-houses, its sand wastes and the means taken to conquer them, its navy, schools, and growing trade, we have a full and most readable account. In literature Denmark ranks high; Holberg, the Oerstds, Rask, Madvig, and Worsaae, are as great in their respective lines as Hans Andersen in his. We wish Mr. Otté had said more about the land laws, which are as thorough as the Act just passed in our Parliament, and which have done much to change what was the most narrowly oligarchic society in Europe into a practical democracy. Every reader will be delighted with the chapters on Iceland. The horrible unfitness of the island for human habitation comes out in the sketch of the volcanic wastes which form the greater part of its surface, and in the grim fact that during the eighteenth century scarcely two years passed without eruption or earthquake, while in one year 18,000 people out of 50,000 died of hunger. The wonder is that, after such a calamity, Iceland did not at once insist on a Repeal of the Union. There is, indeed, always a good deal of mild political agitation (kept up by five weekly papers) which, Mr. Otté says, engrosses the energy that used to be devoted to history and archaeology.

Canon Carus declined to write a *biography* of the late Bishop of Ohio; that work, he thought, ought to be done by an American. But a friendship of thirty-eight years induced him to put together "Memorials of the Right Rev. C. P. McIlvaine" (Eliot Stock), the result being a very interesting account of one who has made his mark on the American Church. Bishop McIlvaine was a good deal in England, moving about amongst Bishops, Archbishops, Princes of the Blood, evangelical noblemen, and heads of colleges. He was made a D.C.L. both of Oxford and Cambridge; he preached an Ordination Sermon at Farnham Castle for the last of the Prince Bishops; he was able to help the cause of peace during the Trent affair; he was great in the Lambeth Conference of 1867; he was asked to the Lord Mayor's dinner when, in 1872, the American alms basin was presented to St. Paul's; and the same year he dined with the Prince of Wales, having previously been, with all his family, to a garden party at Marlborough House. All this grandeur is mixed up in an odd and what scoffers may think an objectionable way with attacks on Ritualism and Rationalism, and the record of inmost feelings and "faithful notices of present perils," and "preparation for the coming of Christ and the tribulation which will soon befall the Church." But Canon Carus's school sees no inconsistency in the admixture; and, at any rate, it gives us the man as he was—fond of distinction, but unflinchingly earnest for what he believed to be the truth. The most striking part of his career is his ministry at West Point, where by force of character and "faithful" preaching he brought about a revival among the neologian cadets. The reader will often wish that his sympathies had been wider,—his scathing denunciation of Paris, so unlike the general Yankee verdict, is a case in point; but unhappily religious power is too generally coupled with narrowness. The life of a man to whom Canning gave advice about extempore preaching, and who, from that time till he helped to consecrate Bishops in Westminster Abbey in 1873, kept well to the front, is sure to be full of interest; and Bishop McIlvaine has a special claim on English people as the author of a well known and valued work on "Christian Evidences."

We are very glad the late Mr. Keith Johnston's "Geography" has been so favourably received that the publishers have put forth a cheaper edition under the title "School and Physical Geography" (Stanford). The book is all that a school geography ought to be; the introductory chapter being specially clear and comprehensive. We wish we could give the same praise to the maps as to the letter-press; they are confused, as a map cannot fail of being when, in narrow limits, it tries to teach all the physical features of an ocean and a continent. But then schoolboys generally use an atlas along with their geography. Our remarks on the "Geography" are so recent that we need say nothing more of this abridgment except to recommend it.

The thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of the *édition de luxe* of the works of Charles Dickens (published by Chapman and Hall, Limited, and printed by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor) are occupied with the story of "Little Dorrit." Taken altogether "Little Dorrit" is not one of the strongest of its author's performances. Few among its crowded gallery of characters have impressed themselves indelibly on the popular imagination; but on the other hand, it abounds in admirable detached scenes and descriptions. Humour and pathos were never more happily blended than in the chapters which are devoted to the old Marshalsea Prison; and the satirical account (thirty years ago not a whit too severe) of the Circumlocution Office, helped to make our Government Offices far less inaccessible to a Public in search of necessary information than they used to be. The inventive *Doyces* of the present day are certainly not snubbed as they once were by the Tite Barnacles. It is pleasant to remember that while Jules Favre and Bismarck were carrying on their famous but futile negotiations during the Siege of Paris, Count Moltke sat aloof, quietly reading "Little Dorrit." Some of Hablot Browne's happiest artistic efforts are to be found in these two volumes, and they are here reproduced with all their pristine delicacy of outline.

Why the Premier's name is prefixed to such a voluminous record of events as "Gladstone and his Contemporaries" (Blackie and Son) is, we suppose, due to the echo, still ringing in the North, of the Midlothian speeches. Mr. T. Archer's work is to consist of four parts, of which the first, beginning with a retrospect of the state of things in 1821, the Peterloo massacre, and the forgotten "blanketeers," passes on to the connection between the Gladstones

and Canning, and follows the embryo Premier to Eton. There we are told he played little, but wrote in the *Miscellany* and the *Magazine*, showing signs of a humour for which he has not since been remarkable, and also "traces of the long-winded style which belongs to his later writings." Sir R. Peel, O'Connell, Disraeli, and the rest are brought forward in the same way—Haydon's ill-natured sketch being taken as truth about the Irish agitator. And these personal anecdotes come in as seasoning to "the wonderful story of the half-century." The present part ends with the opening of Mazzini's letters in 1844; in regard to which (as, indeed, throughout) Mr. Archer, though "his book is a record, and takes no side," shows his own sympathies clearly enough. Nevertheless, we are glad to find him protesting against the unmanly howls with which the mob greeted Lord Castlereagh's funeral. We have not the least intention of comparing Mr. Archer with Mr. Justin McCarthy; but we commend his account of William IV.'s dismissing Lord Melbourne, and of the "plot" of the Duke of Cumberland, and of Roebuck's denunciation of the House of Lords, to those who like a spice of fun with their political history. He also tells us all the old stories about Bishop Blomfield, the man of energy who dealt the death-blow to the episcopal wig; about Campbell, of whose monument Rogers said: "That's the first time I ever saw Tom stand straight;" about Coleridge, whom Lamb, button-holed by the insatiable talker, left with the button in his hand and found still discoursing to it as he passed on his way back to town. He even gives Sheridan's reply to the watchman who picked him out of the gutter, "I'm William Wilberforce." Such stories certainly belong to history, and will perhaps be new to some of Mr. Archer's readers. The book is stamped with the peculiar character of works that come out in parts. Such works usually suffer from an over zeal to give the subscribers enough for their money. We hope the last volume will have a good index; and we wish the pages, or at any rate the chapters, had been headed with dates.

M. Gustave Masson has brought his "Episodes of French History" down to "Henry IV. and the End of the Wars of Religion" (Sampson Low). This little volume (like the three which have preceded it) is based on Guizot's "History of France." Its illustrations, especially that of Henry at Ivry, will commend it to boys, while the map of old Paris, and the appendix on "Henry IV. and Literature," will interest older readers. M. Masson tells his story well, and an exciting story it is, beginning with Jacques Clément and ending with Ravalliac. Of Henry's conversion he speaks as "the moral means which alone could enable him to restore religious peace to France." He owns that in the manner of the change,—the message to Gabrielle d'Estrees about taking *le saut périlleux*, and the words to the Pastor Antony de la Faye: "I have, like Moses and St. Paul, made myself *anathema* for the sake of all"—there was "a painful mixture of the frivolous and the serious, of sincerity and captious reservations, of resolution and weakness, at which no one has a right to be shocked who is not determined to be pitiless towards human nature."

Madame de Rémusat's "Mémoires" showed Napoleon in the light in which Mr. Bingham presents him,—cynical in all things, but specially in regard to the feelings of women. "The Letters of Madame de Rémusat to Her Husband and Son" (Sampson Low) are not a mere sequel to the "Mémoires." They deal rather with the inner life of the Court lady, and show us Paris at home, in low spirits and financial difficulties, pervaded by the dull discontent of a people in a state of constant suspense, and no longer brightened by the presence of Josephine. The letters from Aix, whither Madame de Rémusat went with Josephine in 1810, are very interesting; but most interesting of all is that in which the writer states her determination to share her mistress's fate, and gives her reasons for so doing. M. Paul de Rémusat's introduction is as touching as was his brother's preface to the *Mémoires*; and Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. Lillie have done the work of translation and selection remarkably well. Despite its more private character (which gives it an interest of its own), the book is a valuable contribution to the history of the Empire.

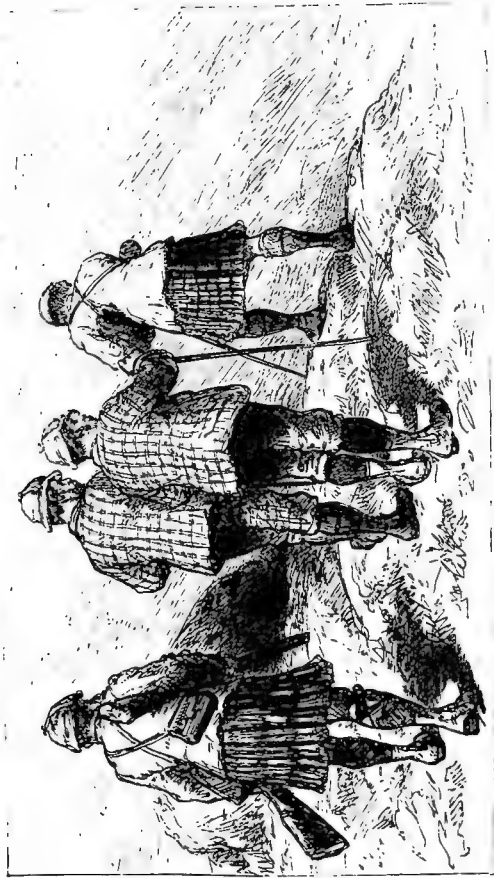
DEER STALKING IN THE FOREST OF MAR

ON the morning following the ball at Mar Lodge, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Fife started to the Derry for a deer drive. After riding on ponies up the steep hill immediately behind the Derry Lodge, we occasionally paused to admire the magnificent scenery that lay below us—hills and crags as barren and sterile as any in Afghanistan, and glens as fertile and hills as well covered as those of Switzerland. The lights and shades from the ever-varying clouds and shifting mists of the mountains gave a wonderful beauty to the whole panorama. On reaching the position for the grand drive past, the Prince dismounted, and we all anxiously waited for the signs of the keeper in advance for the approach of the deer. Soon the roaring of the stags could be heard as the herd glided up the Pass. Unfortunately, just at the supreme moment, the leading stag must have been warned of the imminent danger. Away he went, the rest following, and they soon disappeared down into the glen—so the intended drive turned out eventually a thorough stalk. The deerstalker must indeed be very cautious, for the brute intelligence of the stag is anything but dull. You must not for a moment be seen or scented, and must always face the wind, or your chances of a good day's sport would be very small. When an opportunity serves, and a shot is fired, if the stalkers are not observed, the deer are very little disturbed. It may to them be a clap of thunder, or, as a facetious stalker observed, so many shots are fired and do not find their intended billets, that the deer get used to the crack of the rifle. But the moment the stalker's presence is known a scare takes place, and the deer fly like the wind. Light-coloured costumes must be worn, especially light stalking caps, that the tone may mingle with the rocks and mists of the hills, for the head is more likely to be seen than the rest of the body, as there is a good deal of crawling on the hands and knees. Rather light knickerbockers should be worn, not the picturesque kilt, for many a steep and stony side of a hill has the stalker to slide down in search of his game, and there is no necessity for the performance to be quite too "one of the ill's flesh is heir to," and stout knickerbockers are safer than the highland skirt.

It is intensely exciting when the time arrives for the first shot to be fired. Almost breathless is the anxiety just before the trigger is pulled. To His Royal Highness's first shot a fine stag lay kicking on the ground, and in quick succession two more bit the dust. By this time the remaining deer became scared, and trotted up the glen, leaving the Prince the only alternative of giving the *coup de grace* to the three already *hors de combat*. This is rather a dangerous proceeding, for a wounded stag is sometimes an awkward brute to get near, especially one with fine antlers; but with tact this danger is soon avoided, and the noble stag in a few moments becomes common-place venison to a certainty.

"What shall he have that killed the deer" is not only "his leather skin and his horns to wear," but necessary refreshment, for the air is keen and appetite is stimulated by the sport, so cold grouse and sandwiches, washed down by a distilment from famous Loch Nagar, lowering away in front of us, makes the stalker ready for the long-denied cigar; and then the ride home through the weird and romantic Derry is not the least to be remembered of the day's amusement.

At the end of the week the Princess of Wales drove over from Abergeldie to lunch with the Earl of Fife, and in passing through the grounds afterwards must have been much satisfied at the proofs of His Royal Highness's few days' sport hanging in the larder of Mar Lodge. F. V.



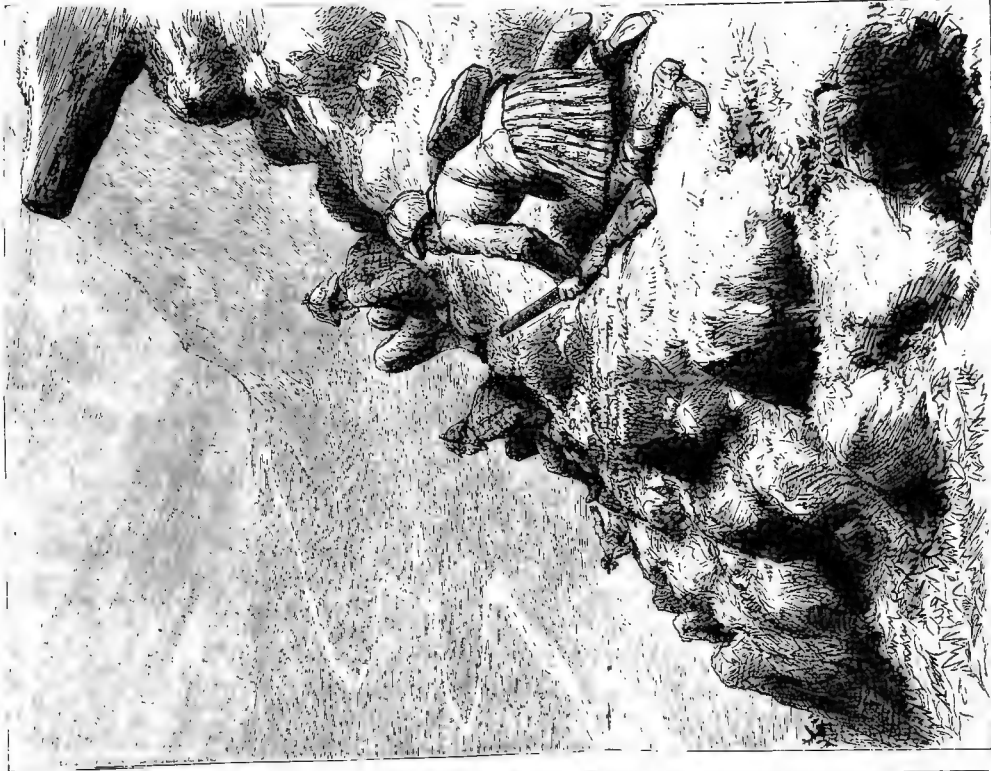
"THE STALK"



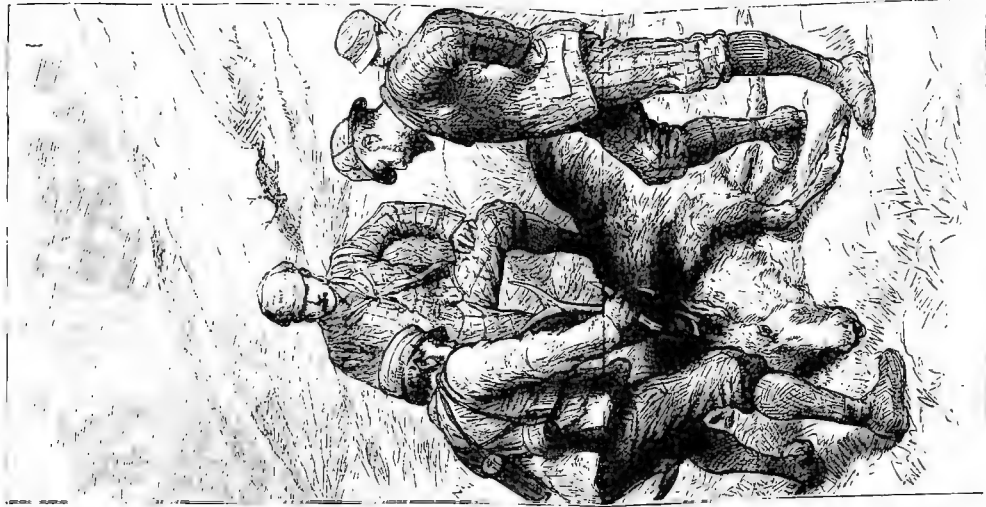
LOOKING FOR THE DEER



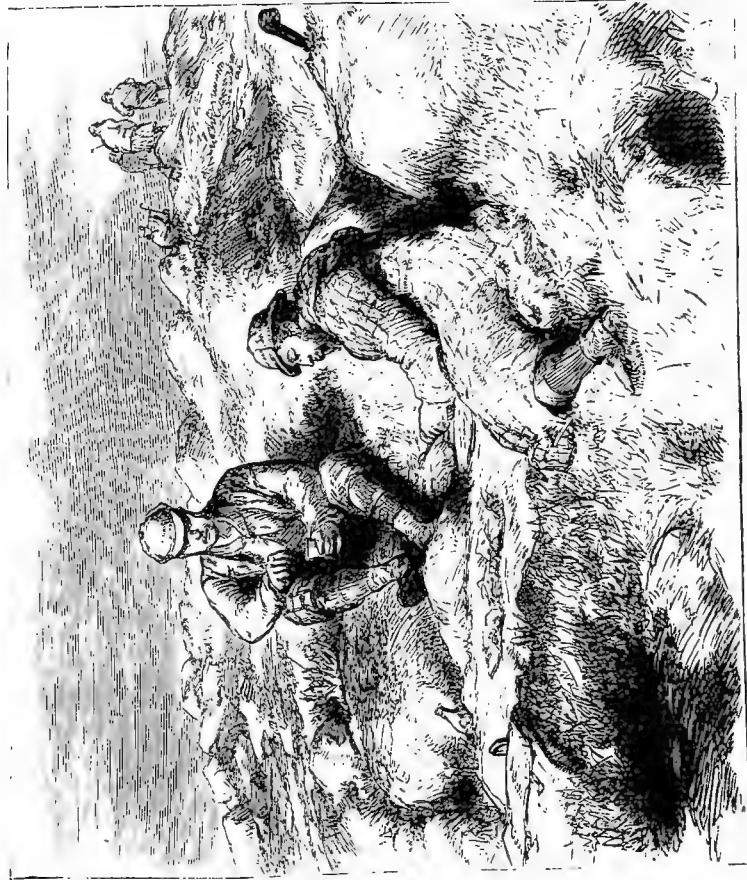
"THE SHOT"



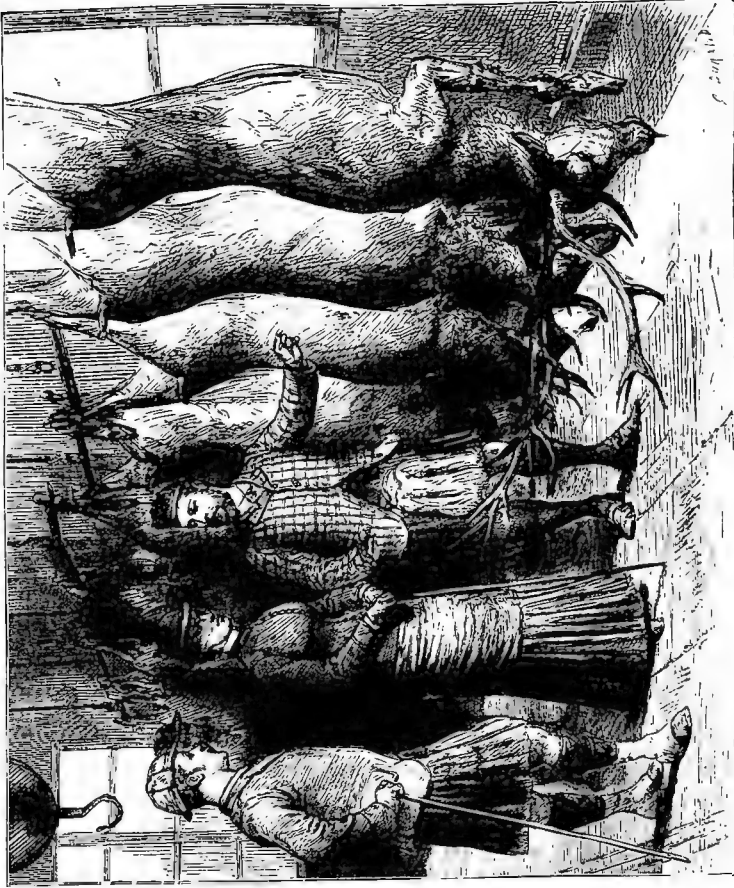
"THERE THEY ARE"



"THE COUP DE GRACE"



"THE LUNCH"—"WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER?"



IN LORD FIFE'S LARDER—THE PRINCE OF WALES SHOWING HIS STAGS TO THE PRINCESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HIGHLANDS—DEERSTALKING IN MAR FOREST

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. F. VILLIERS

TWELVE HOURS ON THE GRANDS-MULETS

To all those who have stayed at Chamouny the Grands-Mulets are well known by sight, even if a closer acquaintance has not been gained by a visit. But to those who have not had the above privilege, they may be described as several immense masses of rugged rock, which pierce through the snows of Mont Blanc to the height of more than a hundred feet, and which are situated on the northern side of the mountain at an altitude of 10,007 feet above the sea. On the lowest of these masses of rocks, which are small mountains in themselves, a wooden hut is erected, where mountaineers take refuge for the night when ascending Mont Blanc, and here it was that I spent twelve hours this summer. We, that is, myself and two friends, whom, for want of better names, I will call Eaton and Atkinson, had made up our minds to reach the top of "the Monarch of the Alps," if possible; and having engaged three guides and a porter, and provided ourselves with snow spectacles, ice caps, alpenstocks, mittens, and gaiters, we set out one lovely July morning, at six o'clock, from our hotel in Chamouny. The walk, though up a very steep incline, was cool and pleasant until ten o'clock, when we reached the snow. Here spectacles were donned, and the rope brought into active use, and in a few minutes more we were proceeding slowly across the rugged and difficult Glacier des Bossons. For two hours and a half we continued our snowy climb until, mounting a mass of ice, we beheld the Grands Mulets close in front of us.

Half-way up the stupendous rock we perceived the hut perched amid the rugged boulders, looking more like a shed for cattle than anything else. The track up to it is by no means safe walking, and the rope was not dispensed with until we reached the gallery, not more than a yard in width, in front of the door. Here ended our first day's climb, and here we were to rest for twelve hours, for the ascent on the following day has to be commenced at midnight. As soon as we had been untied, and had had our boots removed by the guides and slippers substituted, we entered the refuge, which is really an hotel, two servants living there during the summer and providing for the actual bodily wants, if not the comforts, of the travellers.

We found the building was only one storey high, and consisted of four apartments, lying side by side, all the length of the house, and having doors giving directly on to the open air, as well as doors communicating from one to the other. The end apartment towards the south was the common dining and sleeping room, next to it came a chamber given up to ladies when they honoured the building with their presence, and which, in this instance, was occupied by an English clergyman and his wife. Then came the kitchen, and beyond it the guides' room. The dining-room contained two beds, a folding table, and two stools, and these beds were immediately taken possession of by Eaton and Atkinson, while I contented myself with the door step on the outside in the sun, under a promise that I should have a bed as soon as those in possession were rested. But, alas! there was little rest for any one at present, for very shortly after our arrival a party of five German students entered, who had that morning succeeded in reaching the summit. The faces of all of them bore what I suppose they considered were honourable scars, remains of numerous duels, but honourable or not they failed to add to their beauty. They all talked at once, and all talked at the top of their voices, so there was little chance of sleep while they remained. Neither was there much chance of moving about or sitting down, for the room was certainly not more than ten feet square by eight feet high, and there were eight of us in it. However, all things come to those who wait long enough, and at three o'clock our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the backs of the party as they descended to the snow. Directly they were gone *déjeuner* was ordered in, but here was a disappointment—the porters who brought the provisions for the hotel had quite forgotten the beefsteak that had been promised us, and so we had to content ourselves with weak broth, cold tongue, ham, and a bottle of wine. We made a very fair meal, for we were hungry, and then lighting our pipes and cigarettes we lay down on the beds—Eaton and I sharing one between us, lying with our heads at opposite ends, but the heat was so great we couldn't sleep, and added to this there was another cause, which requires special explanation. The entire wooden walls of the hut on the inside were covered with the memorials of former visitors. Not only were there the names of some hundreds, but also words of advice as to not coming here again, and more forcible declarations that the writers never *would* come again. Among the many were the following lines written by some disappointed or uneasy traveller, just on a level with Eaton's eyes as he lay on the bed:

Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

"Look here, you boys!" he exclaimed, on discovering them, "some ass of a fellow has written—"

Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

"He probably didn't get to the top of Mont Blanc, and so turned nasty and found fault with everything. But now keep quiet, and let's go to sleep." And quiet we all were for about five minutes, and then I heard Eaton murmuring to himself, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." Then he turned over to the opposite side, and again quiet reigned. But after a time, not finding the position comfortable, he turned back again, and immediately afterwards I heard him again—"Be it ever so—." Confound it! he exclaimed, "I can't open my eyes without seeing those wretched words some idiot has written. I wish with all my heart he had stayed at home, and not scribbled here." There was no help for it—the words were ringing in our heads and sleep was hopeless, so we had recourse to tobacco and conversation, until six o'clock, when dinner was brought in. It consisted of the same kind of eatables as the *déjeuner*, and we made the best of it. The sun by this time had lost some of its power, and dinner being over, we went outside to smoke and watch the sunset. It was a magnificent sight, all the valleys were filled with dark shadows, while the summits of the mountains were blushing a rosy pink at the sun god's last evening kiss. Our guide came to us, and took us, as we were, in our slippers, to the very top of the rock. It was a nasty climb, and when we arrived there was only room for one at a time, so Eaton had to sit on my knee while the guide pointed out the various places where accidents had occurred. It grew so cold as we sat there that by the time we descended we were both shivering violently. On arriving at the hut in safety, we found another bed had been made up in the dining-room, and after the guides had sketched out our proceedings for the morrow, we just threw off our coats and slippers, and turned in. I confess I slept remarkably well, only waking once, and that was at an absurd request from Eaton that "I wouldn't snore." Now as that is a thing I have never yet been guilty of, I can but consider that it was merely a piece of selfishness on his part: he couldn't sleep himself, and he didn't wish me to. However, I would not argue the point with him at the time, but just turned over and went to sleep again. At a quarter to twelve midnight, the guides entered our apartment, and brought us a candle, at the same time telling us they would return shortly with our boots. This they did, and with our boots they brought some pieces of silk and a lump of some kind of fat. They proceeded to grease our toes, and then wrap them in the silk, before we put on our stockings. This is a preventative against the chance of frost-bite, for we should be in the snow for the next twelve hours, six of which would be the very coldest period of the night. As soon as we were ready, breakfast was brought in, consisting of some bread and butter, and hot black coffee in tumblers, with a dash of brandy in it. We didn't feel as if we could eat

much at that hour of the night, and we were soon ready to proceed. We gathered on the small platform outside while the rope was being arranged, and the lanterns lit, for, in spite of the stars and snow, it was too dark to proceed in safety without them. Five minutes more saw us again on the snow, continuing our upward tramp, and after a quarter of an hour, on looking back we could still see the light shining out from the dark background of rocks.

It may astonish some of my readers when I tell them that the accommodation for ourselves and guides, with the provisions taken with us to the summit, together with the lunch on our return, cost us over 330 francs. But it must not be forgotten that the Grands-Mulets are a six hours' walk from Chamouny, and that everything, down to the coals for the cooking-fire, have to be brought up on the backs of porters.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

CHRISTMAS casts its shadows before in the shape of Christmas books and Christmas cards earlier every year. Though that festive season is still two months away, the plentiful instalments of Christmas literature already foretell that this winter's supply will not be deficient in quantity, whatever it may lack in quality. As usual, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is in the field betimes, with a varied collection of mental food for all ages and classes, from the historical and theological student to the children in the nursery. Particularly appropriate at a time when the controversy respecting the relations of Church and State is especially acute, the Rev. E. L. Cutts' "Constantine the Great" traces clearly and simply the career of the great ruler who successfully allied the civil with the ecclesiastical power. The history of that eventful period has been most judiciously compressed by the author into a succinct scholarly narrative, eminently calculated to give the reader a clear impression of the subject, without dwelling lengthily on controversial questions. —Mr. Grant Allen, in "Anglo-Saxon Britain," is equally successful in condensing a great deal of information into a small space; and, though he repeats himself rather frequently, has produced a life-like sketch of the habits and religion of our ancestors down to the date of the Conquest. —Part of the same ground is gone over in the Rev. J. Low's "Durham," one of the excellent series of Diocesan Histories now being issued. Although hardly of such general interest as Mr. Allen's work, this volume is most carefully compiled and brought down to the latest date. —Those wishing to arouse interest in home and foreign missions will find "Black and White," by H. A. Forde, full of stirring details of missionary endeavours in all parts of the globe; while the companion volume of the Home Library, "The Life of the Soul in the World," by the Rev. F. G. Woodhouse, furnishes an ample collection of plain sermonettes for Sunday reading. —In the same simple style are "Occasional Thoughts of an Old Invalid," which deals with the many trials and temptations of the sick and suffering, and gives practical advice in unaffected language. —Miss Christina Rossetti's tasteful volume, "Called to be Saints," commemorates the different Saints' Days of the English Church, and shows great signs of research and earnestness. The authoress, however, occasionally lapses into very rhapsodical language, and some of her applications seem rather strained.

"Russia, Past and Present," by Miss H. M. Chester, is a very commendable piece of patchwork from recent writers on the subject —Messrs. Wallace, Rambaud, the German authors Von Lankenau and Oelnitz and others—and if somewhat overburdened with statistics for so small a work, will be useful in the schoolroom. The authoress has taken great pains to glean the salient points of information from the most reliable sources—the chief basis of the work, "Das Heutige Russland," being used as a text-book in the Russian military schools. A geographical map, in addition to the ethnographical chart, is, however, much wanted. —We have another compilation in "Miscellanies of Animal Life," wherein Miss Spooner has collected natural history stories from the works of well-known writers.

Turning from fact to fiction, one group of volumes is especially suited for boys. Adventurous spirits are catered for alike by S. Whitechurch Sadler's "Slavers and Cruisers," a lively narrative of exciting exploits on the African coast, and by F. Scarlett Potters' "Ambrose Oran," which travels somewhat out of the beaten track, and deals with buccaneering in the West Indies and South America in the seventeenth century. —After these stirring deeds the experiences of "Dick Darlington" in Germany and America are a little tame, but Mr. A. H. Engelbach well points out the danger of self-confidence, while salutary lessons of filial duty are taught by "Harry's Discipline," by Laura Lane, and by "How Willie Became a Hero," that same lesson being much needed by the two lads in "Marcel's Duty," by Mary Palgrave, who run away to the Franco-German war, and make their home proportionately miserable. —School life in its most pleasant aspect is represented in "The White Gipsy," wherein Miss Lyster manages to invest the time-honoured episode of a child being stolen by gypsies with considerable novelty, and a good Confirmation story for choir-boys is furnished by "Ursula" in "Unto His Life's End." —Meanwhile the sisters are not forgotten. Miss Lyster's "A Leal Light Heart" is a bright taking novelette, in which the characters of two sisters are well contrasted, and equally pleasant is Miss Esmé Stuart's "The White Chapel," for somewhat younger girls, the taming of the hoydenish little heroine being prettily depicted. —The latter authoress's "Vanda" is less spontaneous, nor is there anything very novel in the plot of "King's Marden," by the author of "Rosebuds"—a smoothly-told village tale of the triumph of moral worth over superficial beauty; while of the three brief sketches included in "Under the Trees," by H. Child-Pemberton, "On the Staircase" is decidedly the best. —Four short stories would be useful for a lending library. Thus the value of temperance is forcibly shown in "No Place Like Home," by Alice Lang; and "Turned to Gold," by L. Dobrée, "Ann Whitby's Trial," by the author of "Little Lisette," and "Mary Cloudsdale," by J. M. Sinclair, illustrate the beauty of self-sacrifice and industry—the last volume being appropriate for young servants. —Self-sacrifice, too, is the keynote of "The Brave Men of Eyam," in which the Rev. E. N. Hoare draws a pathetic historical picture of the plague-stricken Derbyshire village, voluntarily cut off for many months from the outside world to avoid spreading infection, and cheered only by the devotion of those heroic clergy, Mompesson and Stanley. —Equally founded on fact is the main episode of "A Heap of Stones," by Caroline Birley, whose rough hero laboriously collects a mass of bricks and boulders towards the building of a church in a neglected country district. —The softening influence of a tiny child does wonders for the unlovely old maid of "Aunt Kezia's Will," by S. M. Sitwell, while another sweet damsel reclaims by the mere force of example, a wild and unpleasant little circus-dancer, whose escapades are related by M. Bramston, in "Missy and Master." —Quite small children may learn self-denial from the young heroines of "Dreams and Reality," "Carry's Christmas Gift," by "H. F. E." and "Only a Rosebud," by C. Findlay, each of whom gave up her most cherished possession for the good of others, and they may further gather ideas of patience under suffering from "Grizzy's Story," by Mary Davison. Nor can they fail to see that "The Black Donkey," by Darley Dale, hints plainly how to cure a bad temper. —That much maligned being the stepmother is the cause of "The Young Draytons," by M. Trench, enjoying some odd experiences in the Australian Bush, and differences with their families also lead to the adventures of the French lad in New Zealand, in "Under Palm and Pine," by J. Owen, and of the baby couple in "Miss Mary's Garden," by S. Hall, while the happy re-union of parents and long-lost children is combined with simple plots in

"Ned Lyttleton's Little One," by A. H. Engelbach, "The Ravens' Nest," by F. Scarlett Potter, and "Our Bob."

Amongst the pile of books from Messrs. Griffith and Farran we find one of the Rev. H. C. Adams' cheery tales of schoolboy life, "Who Did It?" which welds the ordinary materials of good and bad boys and their escapades into an agreeable whole. For lads' benefit, too, is the fresh edition of the useful "Boy's Own Toy-Maker." Other volumes are for younger readers. The devoted twins in "Bryan and Katie," by Miss Lyster, are exposed to sad trials, and are a very charming couple, but the same cannot be said of the chief heroine of "We Four," by Mrs. R. Bray, a proud ill-tempered damsel who is duly made good in the end. —The seaside doings of large family in "A Gem of an Aunt," by M. E. Gellie, will please backward readers, as the story is told in short words, while the poems and pictures collected by M. E. Tupper in "Little Loving Hearts Picture Book" will give equal amusement. —"Belle's Pink Boots," by Joanna Matthews, is a pleasing Transatlantic story, spoiled by some most hideous and unnatural coloured illustrations, and which form a remarkable contrast to the quaint cover of "Only a Cat's Tale," by E. M. B.,—a merry page from feline history. —Mrs. Meekerke's "Guests at Home," agreeably supplements her recent account of the insects which visit flowers, and describes the habits and customs of bees in their hives in a style well calculated to attract children.

There is plenty of incident in "Gladys the Reaper," wherein Miss Beale has worked out an elaborate plot with considerable skill, conveying sound moral teaching fairly unobtrusively. Still, the characters are somewhat conventional, and Gladys herself is too meek and colourless, and by no means so taking as bright little Polly in "The Dingy House at Kensington" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), who is fresh and original, and in the day of trouble blossoms from a vain thoughtless girl into a noble woman. In a lower sphere, the uncouth lad known as "Surly Bob," by L. C. Silke (same publisher), similarly develops through love for a crippled brother, and his story would do capital for a Sunday School Prize. —In "Little Flotsam," by R. Richardson (Cassell), we meet once more with the waif of the sea, who finds a rich relation, her history being combined with boyish school adventures. Pleasant talks of different people and countries accompany the pictures of "Story Flowers for Rainy Hours" (same publishers), which will while away many a wet afternoon.

Adherents to the "Greenaway school" of picture-books muster stronger every year, and the only fear is that the books may become too advanced to hit childish humour. The fun is patent enough, however, of "Old Proverbs with New Pictures" (Cassell), in which Miss Mateaux has so happily wedded simple rhymes on familiar sayings to Miss Lawson's bright illustrations that the volume will be an appreciated gift. And here is Miss Greenaway herself busy with the ancient verses of "Mother Goose" (Routledge), and as deft as ever with rustic maidens and tiny country bumpkins. The artist's drawings are more finished than usual, so "Mother Goose" will certainly not lag behind her other productions in popularity. —Very pretty also are the "Calendar Tiles" (J. Shaw), appropriate to each month, which are either to be copied or coloured in the book. The accompanying poetry is far inferior to the drawings. —Amongst a mass of attractive picture-books Messrs. Dean send some special novelties, charmingly illustrated in blue, brown, and red by André, whose designs are alike humorous and artistic. The books contain thrice the usual amount of pictures, and while one, "Buckle My Shoe," represents the different human inhabitants of the globe, the others contain the familiar nursery legends illustrated according to different periods of history. André further produces "The Cruise of the Walnut Shell" (Sampson Low), a dainty chronicle of a dream-cruise of a tiny brother and sister in foreign lands.

Instruction and amusement combined in a story too often counteract each other, but Mr. Henty has successfully conquered the difficulty in "The Comet of Horse" (Sampson Low). Modelled on the plan of his "Young Buglers," the present story deals with the wars of the great Marlborough, and Mr. Henty promises to provide similar records of the chief British wars. Full of spirit from beginning to end, with the historical facts deftly fitted in and rendered attractive by careful plans of the great battles, the book is a most admirable present for boys, who will hardly grumble at the hero for being rather too much of an Admirable Crichton. The story, by the way, first came out in the *Union Jack* (Sampson Low), which now appears in the volume for 1881, and promises to be as successful under Mr. Henty's editorship, as under that of the late Mr. Kingston.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS. —The search in the "Copper Hole Shaft" at Church Stretton for the body of Sarah Duckett, whose ghost was said to have pointed out that spot as the place of her interment, has proved abortive, and the missing woman herself is now stated to be still alive and in excellent health, having married and become the mother of a couple of children. The local excitement has therefore cooled down, and perhaps even the ghost-seer himself may be willing to admit that he was in some way mistaken. Be this as it may, the event has been utilised by a daily contemporary as a peg upon which to hang a whole string of correspondence on the subject of alleged supernatural sights and sounds, each contributor apparently endeavouring to "cap" the stories told by his predecessors by relating something still more wonderful. To a cool unimaginative reader of these lucubrations the most noticeable points are that in the only case which is spoken to by more than one witness (the Airlie music) the accounts differ, one speaking of a drum only, another of a drum and fife, and a third of a whole band of music; and that each of the other stories depends entirely on the evidence of the one writer who narrates it. These *ex parte* statements, apart from the inherent incredibility of the alleged facts recorded, appear to be complete and reasonable enough, but it is this very quality which makes one sceptical concerning them. How are we to feel sure that nothing has been added, omitted, or modified, or that cross-examination or investigation would not let in some new light upon the matter which would have the effect of stripping the stories of their marvellous character? Most of the communications refer to what may be called dead ghosts, that is to ghosts which have for some years past ceased to be visible or audible. So far as these are concerned investigation would in all probability be a fruitless task, but it ought not to be so in those cases where the supposed spiritual visitants are said to be still to the fore. Perhaps the most annoying phase of the whole business is that the people who say they believe, and ask others to believe with them are in most cases so thoroughly ashamed of their own intellectual position that they shelter themselves behind *noms-de-plume* or initials, and thus their readers, deprived of all opportunity of investigating their statements, are compelled to fall back upon *a priori* reasoning which though convincing enough in its way avails little with persons who have or imagine that they had personal experience of the occurrence of supernatural phenomena. To our minds the most astounding thing in connection with ghosts is that amongst the many thousands, whose appearance has been recorded, not one even yet appeared in a state of nudity, a circumstance which involves a most important consideration, which most people appear to overlook. A spirit-form or ethereal-soul corresponding to the fleshy body of a living man, or even of a horse, a dog, or a flea is conceivable; but what are we to say of immaterial garments and belongings, such as walking-sticks, umbrellas, books, snuff-boxes, pipes? There can surely be but one answer, viz., that these are subjective visions unconsciously conjured up by the seers, who had, at some former time been familiar with their real originals. But if this be true of these, why not also of the "ghost" itself?

MARRIAGE.

On the 12th ult., at the Pro-Cathedral, Rangoon, British Burmah, by Archdeacon the Reverend G. F. Popham Blyth, M.A., JAMES ROBERT MCCULLAGH, Esq., Captain Royal Engineers, Suave of Inver, to JESSIE, only child of J. Balfour Cockburn, Esq., M.D., A.M.D.

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"I have been in the habit of prescribing your preparation of Chlorodyne pretty largely these last three months. I have invariably found it useful, particularly in the latter stages of Phthisis, allaying the incessant and harassing cough; also in Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma."

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FROM SYMES and CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Medical Hall, Simla.—January 15, 1881.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, Esq., 33, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Dear Sir,—We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, reports that their future will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.

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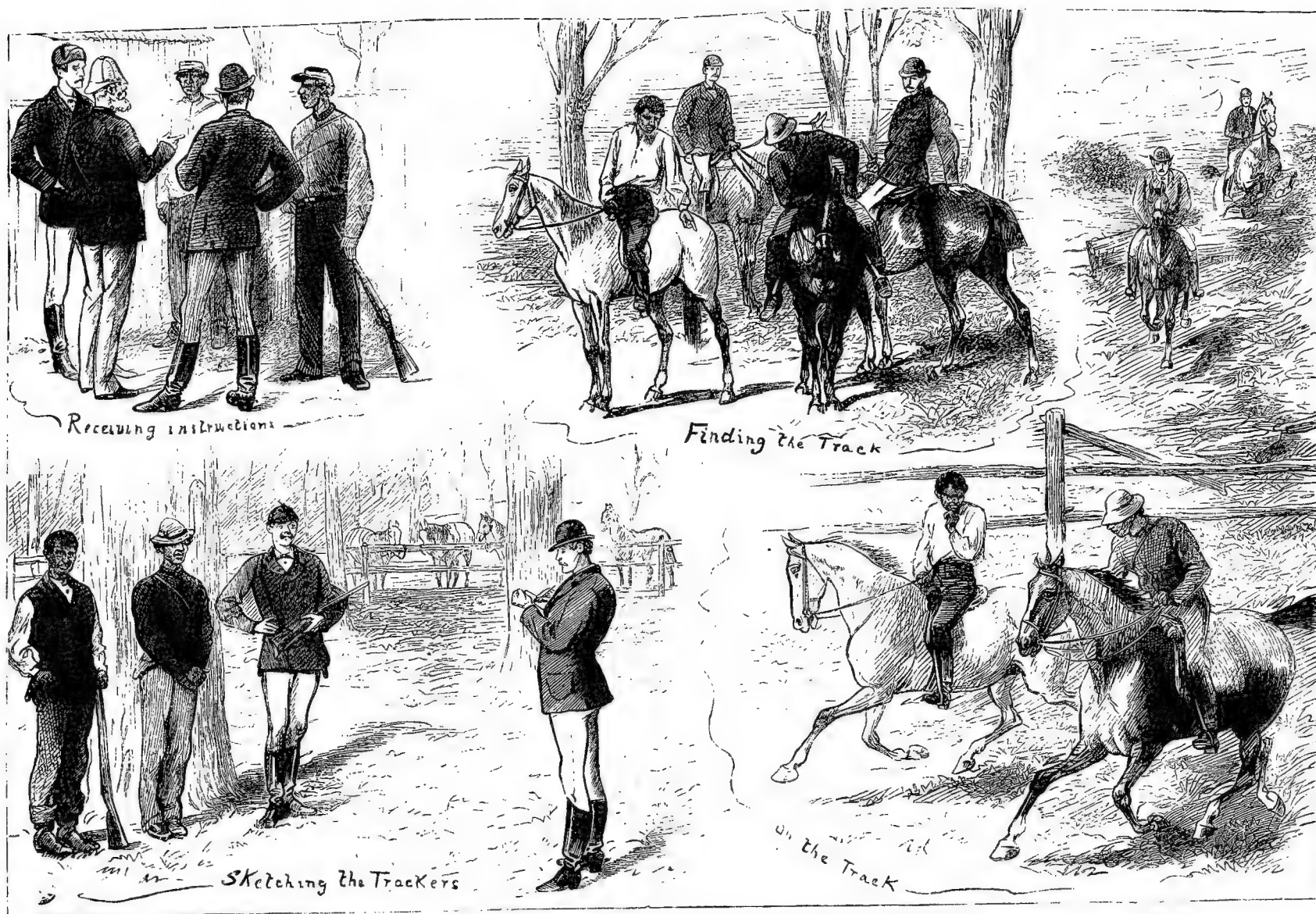
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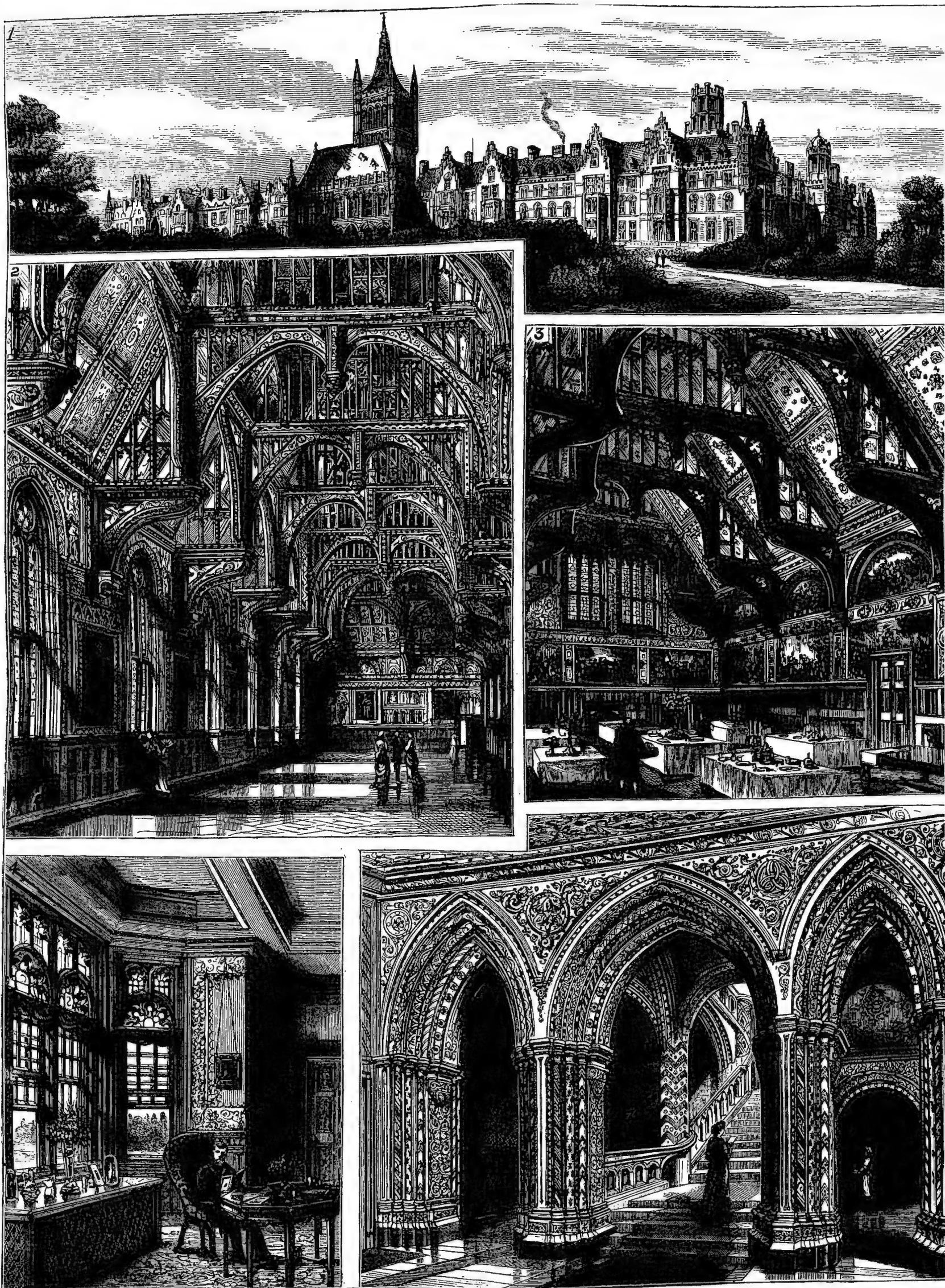
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FOREIGN OPINION ON THE IRISH CRISIS.—The arrest of the leaders of the Land League, and the sudden display of energy on the part of the British Government, exhibited in the active measures which are now being taken to enforce order and obedience to the law, have naturally excited considerable comment from other nations. The Irish agitators have carried on their work so long with impunity, and the English Cabinet has shown itself to be so long-suffering, that the fact of Mr. Gladstone having at last lost patience has come upon foreign observers as a shock, and at first they hardly seemed to realise the fact that Liberal England, the last refuge of Internationalists, Nihilists, and all the family of Socialists, was actually putting down political agitation with a strong hand. It is curious to analyse the various opinions expressed by the various Continental journals, which unconsciously reflect the character of the nation which they represent. Thus in RUSSIA, where the Government is busy combatting Socialism, great satisfaction is expressed at the energy of the Government by the chief official organs, the *Nord* and the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, the latter of which terms the events "a turning move in English politics." In GERMANY the press is somewhat more independent, and the hatred which has been so bitterly displayed against the British Premier still finds vent in considerable abuse, but this is more for the tardiness with which the step has been taken than with regard to the step itself. This, save by the ultra-Democrats, is universally applauded. In FRANCE, as might be expected, opinion is far more diversified. As usual, the Extreme Catholics and the Extreme Socialists join in condemning English tyranny, though for very different reasons. The former sympathise with the Irish as co-religionists under Protestant thralldom, the latter as Democrats striving to release themselves from the yoke of Monarchy. Thus the Irreconcilables, headed by M. Rochefort, are loud in their protestations, and mingle with them prophecies of a rising *en masse* in favour of the "Irish Republic," a battle cry which, we are told, will rally everybody, and will arouse an echo even among English artisans, who are beginning to feel they might be of as good blood as their masters the Lords, "most of whom are drunk by six o'clock in the evening." Of the Clerical organs, the *Union* is the most intemperate, speaking of the "monstrous cruelties of the British army in India," while her statesmen encouraged revolution in other countries and shed tears over the repression of the Commune. The moderate Republican papers, such as the *Temps*, the *Débats*, the *National*, and the *République Française*, acknowledge that the action of the Government had been rendered inevitable by the conduct of the Irish themselves.

All these opinions, however favourable or unfavourable, are of little importance to the question at large in comparison with those expressed in the United States, where the agitators from the first have found considerable sympathy, and where the financial backbone of the whole agitation may be said to exist amongst the masses of expatriated Irishmen, whose hatred of "Saxon rule" seems to be intensified tenfold by distance and absence. The purely American papers, however, are moderate, and while hesitating to endorse Mr. Gladstone's conduct, join in denouncing that of the Irish leaders. Thus the *New York Herald* regrets that "a Minister of the Crown should have been led into such a foolish and unnecessary exercise of his power," though at the same time it warns the Americans of Irish birth or descent that the "Irish question after all is not an American question." The *New York Times* also disapproves of Mr. Parnell's arrest, the *New York Tribune* exclaims that if the Premier ran enormous risk the emergency was none the less great, and this practically represents the general feeling amongst the Americans, who are by no means anxious for a rupture with England for the sake of the more turbulent portion of their own community. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, denouncing the step as impolitic, declares that it will be good fortune, indeed, if the affair does not lead to widespread disaffection and its invariable accompaniment, bloodshed and loss of life. The Irish-American papers are naturally furious, and fuel is being heaped upon the fire both by the various meetings which the changed aspect of affairs have called forth as well as by the speeches of Mrs. Parnell, Mr. Parnell's mother, who has been orating most energetically, and declares her intention to come over and comfort her imprisoned son, and by those of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who arrived in New York last week, and at once began his stump tour. His utterances have, however, been comparatively calm and pacific when compared with the outpourings of Irish-Americans, and even of Mr. Wendell Phillips, who declared at Boston that Mr. Gladstone had not a drop of Liberal blood in his veins. These speeches are having a good financial result, and the subscriptions to the League funds have again received a sudden impetus. Nor has the general excitement been lessened by an attempt which was made on Sunday evening to set fire to the Cunard steamer, *Bohnia*, in New York Harbour. Some miscreant had saturated the carpets of the passages leading to the saloon with a chemical mixture of phosphorus and gasoline, which takes fire upon the slightest friction, and, though no damage was done, some difficulty was experienced in extinguishing the flames. Four empty bottles were found which had contained the compound. Suspicion points to two men who had come on board ostensibly to see the boatswain, and, finding he was asleep, said that they would "just take a look round the ship."

FRANCE AND TUNIS.—The general forward movement upon Kairwan has at last begun, and the various French Generals are showing considerable energy in the advance. General Saussier has joined the Birin column, and General Legerot has gone to Zaghouan, whence he will push forward towards the Holy City. When Kairwan is taken a temporary railway will be laid to the coast, for which materials have already arrived. General Sabatier, who on the 13th had a successful engagement with the insurgents, defeating them, and inflicting upon them a loss of 800 men, will march direct upon Kairwan. The General sends good reports of Ali Bey and his troops, who are to co-operate with the French in their operations, and have been ordered to occupy Zaghouan. General St. Jean has assumed command at Testour. General Lambert, the Commandant of the garrison of Paris, has now been nominated Commander-in-Chief, and there are more signs of order and organisation amongst the troops than have been apparent for many months. In the city of Tunis itself there is complete tranquillity, probably owing to its military occupation, and energetic M. Kouston has demanded and obtained the surrender to the troops of the Artillery barracks and the Dar-el-Bey or City Palace adjoining the Citadel. The army of occupation will number 5,000. The number of troops comprised in the three columns marching upon Kairwan now amounts to 30,000.

In FRANCE proper there is little news, all eyes being fixed upon the Ministerial negotiations, and everybody being busily occupied with speculating upon the result of the various interviews of M. Gambetta with M. Grévy and M. Jules Ferry. What portfolio M. Gambetta will take when he assumes the direction of the Cabinet has been warmly discussed, and it is thought likely that he will take that of Justice. Whether or no the present Cabinet will resign before the meeting of the Chambers on the 28th still appears uncertain, and according to the latest reports he will not assume office before November 15th, M. Ferry having thus to endure the brunt of the inimical attacks in the Chamber with regard to the two burning

questions of the day, the Tunisian Expedition and the delay in summoning the Chambers. Meanwhile the Radicals are busily preparing for the campaign, and have been holding continual meetings, at which the most scathing and denunciatory speeches have been made. At a meeting on Sunday, the Communist Mdlle. Louise Michel exhorted her hearers not to "waste words upon miserable speculators who sent the youth of France to perish in the desert." "If they want to kill us," she cried, "it is better that they should do so now, and pay the penalty of their crime at once, than that they should wait and kill our children after us." She declared that "the Government must not, however, count upon the army to help them. Our soldiers will turn against their leaders rather than fight for the men who left them to sicken of fever and shame in Tunis." There is little doubt that there will be some tough battles over the Tunis question during the coming Session, but, taking all things into consideration, the chances of a strong Republican Cabinet are better than they have been since the Third Republic has been established. The Moderate Republicans number over 300, and outnumber the Opposition, composed of 90 Monarchists and 140 Extreme Republicans, by a majority of 70. With such a working majority, a Premier of such enormous prestige as M. Gambetta undoubtedly possesses ought, unless he make some stupendous error, to completely hold his own, and secure a long lease of office for himself and his Cabinet.

In PARIS the chief social topic has been the electric lighting of the Opera House, which has been fairly successful. The abolition of gas is anxiously desired by the authorities, as the splendid frescoes are becoming seriously damaged by the dirt and foul air. Last Friday's gale prevailed in Paris and throughout the north of France, and much damage is reported, particularly on the Channel coast.

EGYPT.—The Ottoman Commissioners have gone, having apparently done little more than congratulate the Khedive and everybody else all round, and assure all anxious inquirers that they had no occult designs whatever in their mission. Before leaving they informed the Khedive that the Sultan had given him a First Class of the Turkish Cross of Merit. The English and French ironclads are now accordingly to be withdrawn, and there is little doubt that the departure of the Commissioners has been hastened by the firm attitude of France and England, though whether their mission has been such a *fiasco* as the *République Française* makes out is doubtful. They have brought very forcibly to the mind of the Egyptian people the fact that the Khedive is not so supreme as he would make out, and that there is a suzerain at Constantinople to be dealt with who is by no means willing to be left out of the question with regard to the future settlement of Egyptian affairs. The National party are quiescent for the time being, but there is no doubt that an undercurrent of intense dissatisfaction exists. The correspondent of *The Times*, while recording that Arabi Bey has left Alexandria, qualifies the statement by declaring that he is studying the best way of blocking the Suez Canal. Meanwhile Wednesday's *Times* publishes yet another leader, peremptorily asserting that England's political interests in Egypt cannot be allowed to be subordinated to those of any Power whatever, further, that to this end "a courageous, far-seeing, and resolute" policy is needed, and, finally, "It may not happily be necessary to pass from words to deeds, but many grave complications may be spared if the purpose of this country is made clear to the great Powers of Europe, as well as to the Egyptian people." If the "Great Powers" and the Egyptian Nationalists so violently objected to the first article, what will they say to such very plain language as this, from an organ which—rightly or wrongly—the Continental public regard as the mouthpiece of the English Cabinet and English opinion?

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.—In each of these countries a Socialist trial has absorbed public attention this week. In St. Petersburg the printers and publishers of the *Black Division* have been tried and duly condemned, the lady Marie Kritova and two of her accomplices to forced residence in Siberia, and a fourth to four months' imprisonment. The mildness of the sentences have created some surprise, but is probably due to the fact that the prisoners were not in any way concerned in the late Czar's assassination, and had already been imprisoned for a year. Another Nihilist trial will take place next month, when the well-known revolutionist, Trigonai, will be arraigned. The German Socialist trial took place at Leipzig, where fifteen prisoners were arraigned for high treason, the specific accusations being illegal meetings, the dissemination of revolutionary literature, and especially of numbers of the *Freiheit* and pamphlets urging soldiers to disobey and even kill their superiors on the outbreak of a revolution, and denouncing Prince Bismarck as the greatest monster in the world. The revelations at the trial were curious and interesting as evidencing the secret spread of Socialist doctrines, despite the most repressive measures, and revealing various plots to blow up the Prefecture of Police and even the Reichstag were found to have existed. The Court pronounced sentence on Wednesday.

The great gale of Friday wrought terrible havoc throughout Northern Germany, but, unlike London, Berlin was enabled to maintain telegraphic communication with the rest of the Empire, thanks to the German system of underground wires which has just been completed. From all the chief towns great damage is reported, houses being unroofed, chimneys and steeples overturned, farmsteads and mills struck by lightning, cattle drowned (800 at Bremerhaven alone), and towns inundated. At sea numerous vessels have been wrecked, while there has been great loss of human life.

ITALY.—For the first time since his election the Pope has held a grand State reception at St. Peter's. It is true that the outside public was not admitted, but the pilgrims received and the privileged faithful are estimated at 20,000, and Leo XIII. was borne in to the Basilica on his chair of State with all the Papal pomp of former days, and attended by an imposing train of Cardinals, Bishops, and noble guards. The arrival of the Pope was hailed with the most enthusiastic cheers, and the proceedings began by an address from the Patriarch of Venice, who, together with twenty-two Bishops, headed the little army of pilgrims who came from all parts of Italy, and number 8,500. To this the Pope replied by a vigorous denunciation of the Italian Government, which after making a Law of Guarantees allowed it to fall into disuse, and permitted insults to be offered to him, his palaces to be threatened, in fact, such a deplorable state of things as to place before him the alternative of enduring a continued captivity, made harder day by day, or going into exile. He begged the pilgrims to unite in energetic and courageous action to put an end to an intolerable situation, which neither he nor his successors could ever accept. Next day the Pope held a reception in the Vatican for the usual kissing of hands, which occupied many hours. No noteworthy disturbance is recorded between the pilgrims and the Radicals save one, when the former were stoned while leaving the Church of St. Vitale on Sunday evening.

UNITED STATES.—We have treated of the Irish question above, and the only other topic of interest has been the York Town Centenary Celebration, which began on Monday, when the President, the Cabinet, and Senators arrived from Washington. On Tuesday the President, with the French and German delegates, was formally received by the Governor of Virginia at Lafayette Hall, and then proceeded to the site of the proposed monument. After a religious service, a musical performance of national airs, and an address by Governor Hilday of Virginia, the corner stone was laid with Masonic ceremonies by the Grand Master of Virginia. Wednesday, however, was the great day, when the proceedings included prayer and music and various orations, that of President Arthur being the most noteworthy, as containing a graceful allusion to Great Britain,

"the defeated foe," and her recent display of sympathy upon the death of the late President. On Thursday there was to be a grand military review, General Hancock commanding.

Guiteau was arraigned on Saturday for the murder of the late President Garfield at the Criminal Court, Washington. He pleaded not guilty, and his counsel, Mr. Scoville, applied for an adjournment of the trial on the plea of insanity, on the ground that the wound inflicted was not necessarily fatal, and also that the Court did not possess the proper jurisdiction. The Court ordered the last question to be argued upon October 30, and fixed the date of the trial for November 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In Austria the vacancy at the Foreign Office caused by the death of Baron Haymerle has been filled by the joint appointment of M. de Szlavy and M. de Kallay until the Emperor has finally determined on his successor. Baron Haymerle's funeral took place last week at Vienna with great pomp. —From AFGHANISTAN comes the important news that the Amcer's success has been still further consolidated by the victory over Ayooob's troops by Sirdar Abdal Kudas Khan, while his other Generals, Mahmoud Yusuf Khan and Mahomed Ishak Khan, are advancing upon Herat, which is expected to surrender. Ayooob himself has disappeared, and is reported to have fled to Persia.—In the TRANSVAAL considerable uneasiness prevails, as the Convention has not yet been ratified by the Volksraad, though strong hopes are still entertained of a pacific result.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice spent a few days at the Glassalt Shiel last week, returning to Balmoral on Saturday. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Lees dined with Her Majesty. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, the Rev. Dr. Lees, of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, officiating; and in the evening Dr. Lees and the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice visited Mr. and Mrs. Standish at Birk Hall; while Sir William Harcourt, who had arrived as Minister in Attendance, dined with the Queen in the evening. Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess, will return to Windsor about the 20th prox.—Many of the old trees in the Queen's private grounds at Windsor Castle have been much injured by last week's gale. Thus the largest chestnut of the fine group at the corner of the East Terrace, which is a prominent object in the view from the Royal Dining Room, has lost several large limbs; while a splendid mountain ash, some fifty feet high, has been completely uprooted from its position between the Library and George IV.'s Tower.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have spent part of this week in Wales. Before leaving town they, with their daughters, were present at the marriage of the Rector of Sandringham, the Rev. F. Hervey with Miss Lennox; and on Saturday night they went to the opening of the new Comedy Theatre. On Sunday morning they attended Divine Service, while Princess Louise and the Duke of Cambridge subsequently lunched at Marlborough House. On Monday the Prince and Princess went down to Swansea, where they stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hussey Vivian at Singleton Abbey, and on their road stopped at Pyle to visit Mr. Talbot at Margam Abbey. The Royal party lunched at the Abbey, and then inspected the grounds, the Princess planting a tree in commemoration of the visit, while they subsequently went on to Swansea, the whole of the road being lined with enthusiastic crowds. Next morning the Prince and Princess were serenaded at Singleton Abbey by the neighbouring school children, and soon after they drove to Swansea to open the new docks. Swansea was duly decorated, its inhabitants all making holiday; and the Royal party received addresses from the Mayor and the Freemasons before reaching the port, where they went on board the yacht *Lynx*, and the Prince formally opened the new basin, the Princess simultaneously naming it "Prince of Wales's Dock." A luncheon and march-past of Volunteers followed, and in the evening the Prince and Princess attended the Mayor's ball, which took place at the Music Hall, as the late gale had effectually demolished the marquee specially erected for this purpose at the Mayor's house. The Prince and Princess left Swansea on Wednesday for Marlborough House, and on Thursday the Prince was to go to Eastwell Park on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, returning to town on Saturday. Early next week the Prince and Princess are expected at Sandringham for the shooting season. Next spring the Prince and Princess will probably go to Yarmouth to open the new Town Hall. This will be the Princess's first visit to the town, the Prince having been there three times previously.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been entertaining the Russian Ambassador at Eastwell Park. Monday was the Duchess's twenty-eighth birthday.—Prince and Princess Christian have returned to Windsor from Scotland. They have been staying at Tulliallan Castle, Fifeshire, and on Saturday the Princess drove over to Dunfermline and inspected the Abbey, the old church, St. Margaret's tomb, and the Palace ruins.—The Duke of Connaught on Saturday commanded the attacking force in a sham fight held near Caesar's Camp, Aldershot, before the Duke of Cambridge.—The Marquis of Lorne leaves Canada for England to-day (Saturday).

King Alfonso of Spain is stated to intend visiting England to thank the Queen in person for her late gift of the Order of the Garter.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has been at Milan in the strictest incognito, and visited the monument to Napoleon III., laying a wreath on the memorial.—The Crown Prince of Germany's fiftieth birthday was celebrated in Berlin on Tuesday, with great rejoicings, the town being gaily beflagged, while congratulatory articles were in every journal. The Prince himself kept the anniversary at Potsdam, where, after receiving the good wishes of the Imperial family, and different friends and officials, the Prince and Princess gave a ball in the evening.



THE EARLY-CLOSING ASSOCIATION has issued a circular to the clergy and Nonconformist ministers of London, asking for their aid in the endeavours to shorten the hours of labour in shops, and suggesting that the subject might be appropriately dealt with in special sermons, as has already been done in many churches and chapels. The shop assistants now work thirteen, fourteen, and in some cases sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and therefore have no time to devote to their own mental culture or to any benevolent or Christian work. The extremely late hours on Saturdays also incapacitate them in a great measure for the exercise of religious duties and privileges on Sundays.

THE BAPTIST CHURCHES are this week holding a Conference at Coventry. On Monday, the opening day, resolutions were adopted



However, having now broken through his sullen reserve, our hero determined to seek a dance on his own account with his charming friend; but she was engaged for all—until far on in the evening. However, a *Contre danse* was kept for him. And now came the explanation. The “Valentine up the chimney” was written by him, and so far fitted its reputation that it really contained an offer of marriage, doubtless properly expressed, in language suitably elegant for the time and occasion. It was now renewed, and ultimately accepted. And a few months later, in bright, sunny weather, a gay, old-fashioned wedding party assembled in the dear old house, all sorts of now obsolete pranks were played, the whole village rejoiced and feasted, and once again our charming young lady left her father’s house on a pillow!—but this time as a Bride with her Husband. This story was related to me, many years ago, by the niece of the three ladies, as she and I stood together on the hearth whence the memorable letter took its eccentric flight up the chimney.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO SWANSEA — SINGLETON ABBEY, THE SEAT OF MRS. J. H. VIVIAN, WHERE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES STAYED



ON THE EAST BANK OF THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN, AUG. 24



ON MR. CLARK'S GRASS PLOT DURING THE POW WOW, FORT CARLTON, AUGUST 26

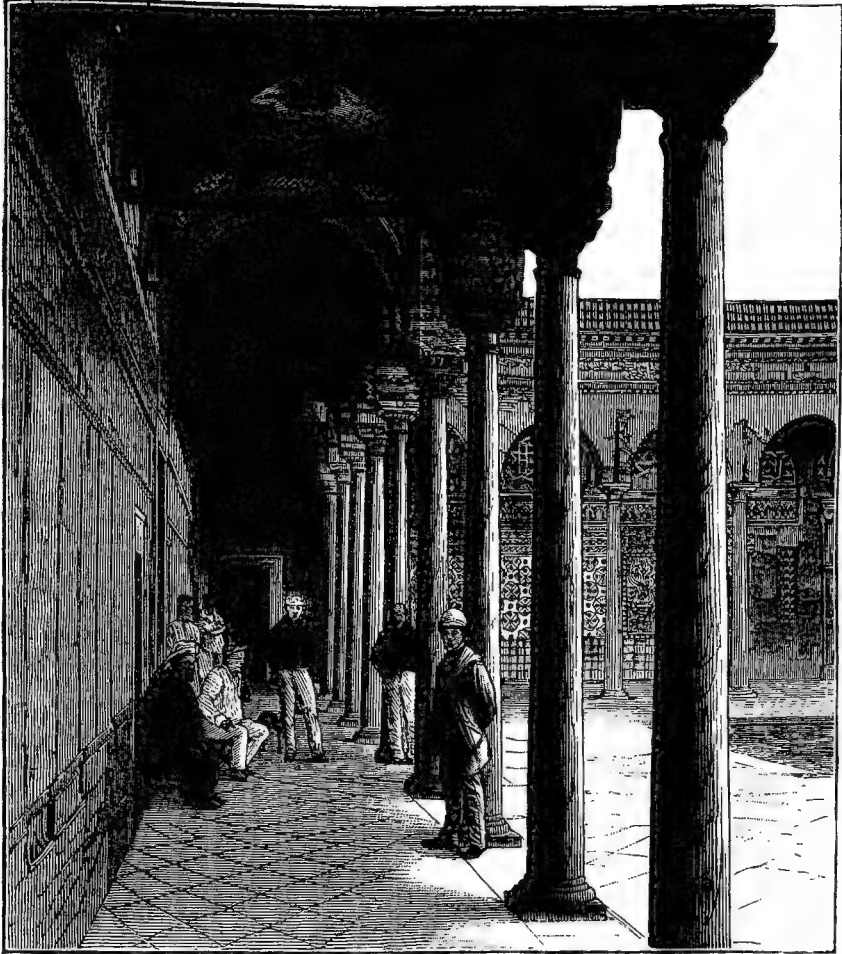


CHIPPEWAY INDIANS DANCING THE SIOUX DANCE AT RAT PORTAGE

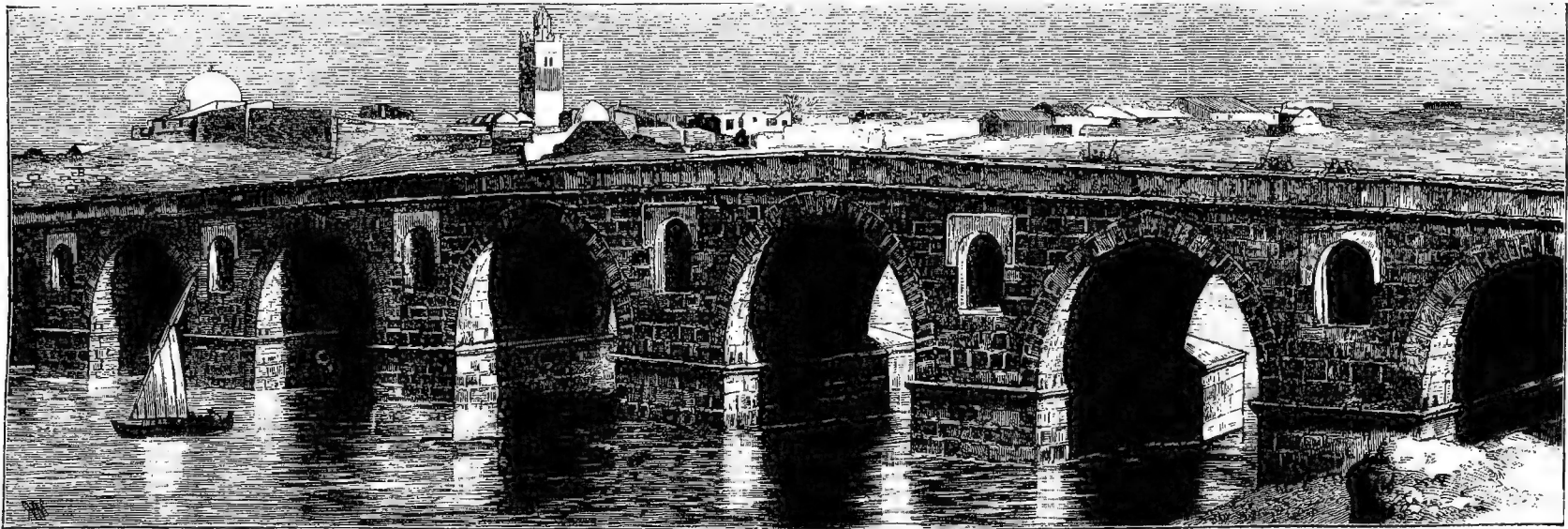
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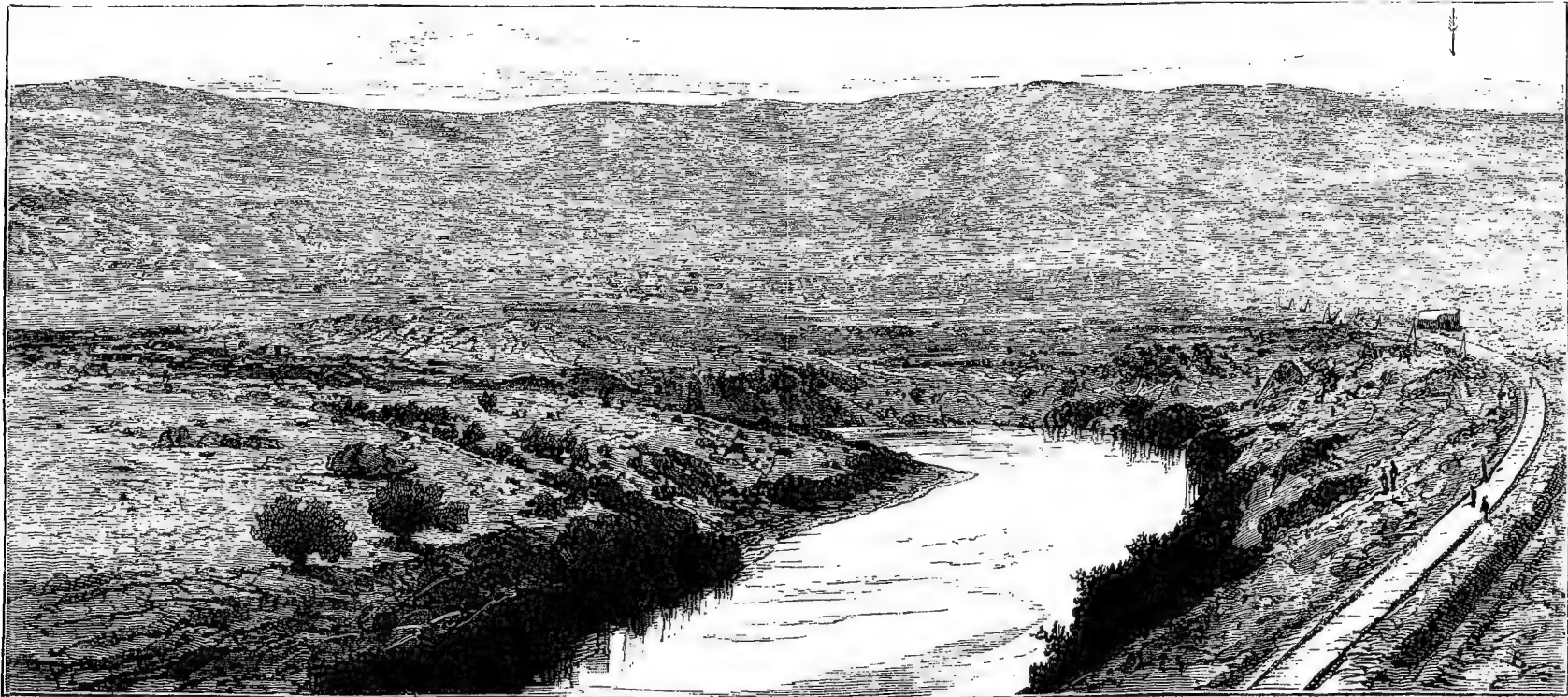


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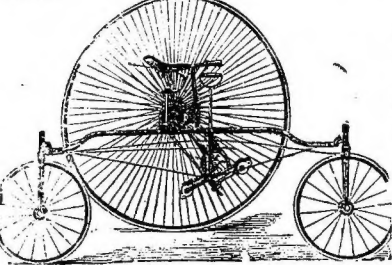
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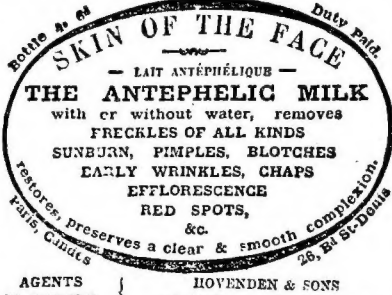
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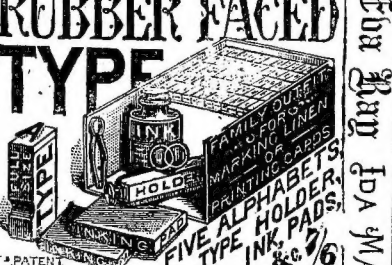
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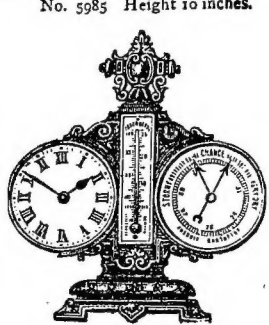
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Carriage Free. Green Thread, 4s.; Yellow Thread,
2s. 9d.; Red Thread, 3s.; Orange Tooth-paste, 4s. 6d.;
Suez Tooth-brushes, 1s. 6d.

RIPPINGILL'S PATENT PRIZE MEDAL

WARMING STOVES,

The only Perfect Oil Stoves made to burn absolutely Without
Smoke or Smell, Trouble or Dirt. Unequalled for Warming
GREENHOUSES, VINERIES, SHOPS, BEDROOMS,
HALLS, DAMP ROOMS, &c.

Perfectly safe, require no pipes or fittings, will burn from 12 to
20 hours without attention, give off no injurious vapour, and are
the best stoves ever invented to save plants from frost, keep out
the damp, &c.

Price from a few Shillings.

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The **HOLBORN LAMP & STOVE CO.**, 118, Holborn,
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And say where you saw this Advertisement.



See 102.

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FAMOUS
**SERVICEABLE
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ARTISTIC, GOOD, AND CHEAP.
**MUCH LOWER IN PRICE THAN
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LAVERTON & CO., Bridge Street, BRISTOL,
have now been established 50 years as Manufacturers and
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INVALID CHAIRS AND COUCHES—50 to 100 per
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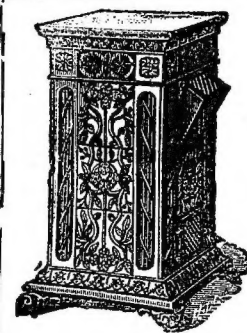
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These Stoves have been fixed at Windsor Castle, Kensington
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DOULTON & Co., Lambeth Pottery, London, S.E.



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**EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

CAUTION.—Numerous in-
ferior and low-priced sub-
stitutes being in the market
(sometimes accompanied by
misleading analyses pur-
chasers must insist on having
the Company's Extract, which
for flavour and clearness is
pronounced by all competent
authorities to be the best.

An invaluable and palatable tonic for Invalids.
Peculiarly efficacious in all cases of
debility and weak digestion.
** In use in most households throughout the kingdom.
Ask for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see
that no other is substituted for it.

N.B.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature, in Blue
Ink, across Label.

PINK'S

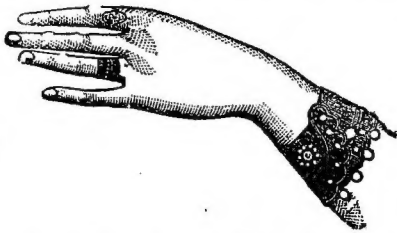
JAMS

Are the Best.

THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Supply the Public at the Price hitherto Charged the Trade,
saving Purchaser from 25 to 50 per cent.

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PRESENTS,



FINE GOLD
JEWELLERY,
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JEWELLERY,
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PLATE,
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PATTERNS POST FREE.
DRESSES CARRIAGE PAID. PARCELS
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SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

R. A. & CO. are receiving many letters
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"IS NOW ADOPTED AS ONE OF THE
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"Soft, lustrous, and not liable to grease or cut... suitable
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Prices from 5/6 to 10/6 per
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TEN MEDALS
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O'REILLY DUNNE & CO. call SPECIAL attention
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UNHEARD OF PRIOR TO ITS PRODUCTION
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UNDER THE ABOVE HEADING. Ladies desirous
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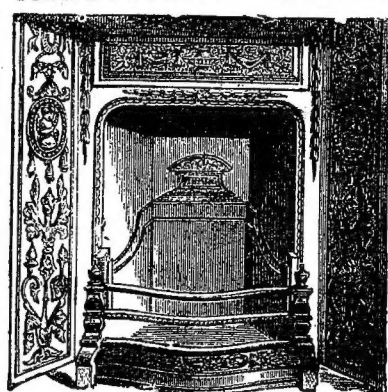
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BRASS CHANDELIERS and FITTINGS.
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A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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*The World-Renowned Skin
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PIMPLES, FRECKLES, BLACK
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